Contributions by
Adrah Fair, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, Lady Warwick, Albert Dorrington, Cosmo Hamilton, William Le Queux, and others.

The July

ROYAL 6D NET

"THE LETTERS OF A FLAPPER."
(*Page 228.*)

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Photo *Wrather & Boys.*

What girl working on the land could resist this smart and workmanlike costume? Turn to page 209, where Miss Adrah Fair, the beautiful young actress, demonstrates the fact that trouser-suits may be both practical and becoming.

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Miss Adrah Fair is too essentially feminine and fond of pretty things to urge the wholesale adoption of trousers for girls, but when women are doing men's work skirts are often a great handicap.

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SHOULD GIRLS WEAR TROUSERS?

By Adrah Fair.

Miss Adrah Fair, who played so charmingly in *To-Night's the Night* at the Gaiety Theatre, is a staunch advocate of trousers for girls engaged in men's work. Miss Fair clinches her argument by a series of delightful photographs in which she appears in some becoming trouser-suits, the originals of which were kindly lent by Messrs. Selfridge, Ltd.

Photo Westrop & Hyde

What could be more sensible for a post-girl than this natty suit of oil-skins and sou'-wester worn over breeches and high boots?

Why not? Perhaps I'm particularly keen on trouser-suits for girls because I've worn them myself quite a lot, and so I know, from personal experience, how comfortable and sensible and healthy they are—under certain conditions.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am not advocating the banishment of skirts and the wholesale adoption of trousers by the female sex on any and every occasion. Certainly not! Skirts are delightful and graceful and essentially feminine, and nothing could or should banish them from general use—when they are suitable.

For instance, in ordinary household life, at big functions, at dances or dinner-parties or theatres no woman would look or feel nice in trousers. At such times a skirt is the "only wear!"

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But there are others—times when it is silly, unhealthy, and dangerous to cling to a skirt when trousers have been thoughtfully invented and exactly fit the case. To be more explicit, when a woman does a man's work isn't it just common sense that she should dress in man's clothing?

Nowadays girls are filling posts previously occupied by their brothers, husbands, or sweethearts. Why should they cling to the garb of womanhood, which is often far from suitable, and proves a rapid germ-carrier and disease-spreader?

Starting from the smart chauffeurette we go straight along the line, the lift-girl, the commissionaire-girl, the munition-girl, the post-girl, the farm-girl, the gardener-girl—every imaginable type of girl for every imaginable profession from which women found themselves gently but firmly barred in pre-war days.

Things have changed indeed, and in these stirring times we are only too glad to have our lifts worked by a girl, our letters delivered by a girl, our railway tickets punched by a girl, even our luggage carried by a girl. But is it wise that she should wear skirts to perform these duties?

I have often looked at the girls who are filling men's places, and have wondered and wondered *why* they are content to wear skirts when they could wear trousers. Perhaps the reason is that they have never tried boyish clothes, and so they don't know what they are missing!

Well, *I* have made the experiment, and so I can tell them something about it.

It happened that I grew up as the constant companion and playmate of a brother who was exactly two years my senior to a day. It was my keenest desire to do everything he did; to ride and run and climb trees—and I found skirts just too impossible. The result was that I spent my days till I was in my "teens" in a suit composed of black knickers and a loose shirt!

How I loved those simple garments! In them I followed my brother up hill and down dale, over fences and up trees, and was blissfully happy. Could I have done such things in a skirt? No!

Then, when I learnt to ride—which I did when I was a small child—I was, naturally, taught to ride astride, and wore a coat and proper riding breeches for this purpose. To that fact, by the way, I owe my presence in

Photo Weather & Boyt.

The girl who invests in an overall suit of this kind, with waterproof coat and leather gaiters, can work on the land in any weather with entire comfort.

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this world to-day, for riding breeches saved my life once.

I was over in Ireland, and some friends produced a racing mare for me to ride one day. It turned out afterwards that she had not been out for a week, and, consequently, when I planted myself in the saddle she thought I was a small piece of fluff—just that and no more.

Honestly, as I gathered up the reins, that mare turned round and gazed at me as much as to say: "Well, what use do you think you are against me?" That look amused me at the time—I didn't know then that she hadn't been out for a week! Just at that moment a train happened to dash along some railway lines not a hundred yards off, and that settled the mare. She bolted like ten express trains, cleared two stone fences, and was off like a bolt from the blue.

Holding her was out of the question; she was literally tugging my arms out of their sockets. My only hope lay in getting off quickly and safely. Now, I had learnt how to drop off a horse while it was galloping, and so I proceeded to edge my feet out of the stirrups. Then I flung all my weight on my hands on the saddle, swung one leg clear across the mare's back, and dropped right off, sliding down her side. Then she dashed on—and I was safe, apart from some bruises.

Now, if I had worn an ordinary riding habit I could not have flung myself off as I did, and if I had not got off I dare not think where I should have landed eventually. So that was a clear demonstration of the use of trousers for girls! The owner of the mare afterwards named another horse Adrah, after me, and that animal won a big race, over which I made £60—as I had to back my namesake!

Once in Paris I went to a big ball at the Conservatoire dressed in pyjamas—exactly like a boy. I was quite young, and I loved to dress up in my brother's clothes, feeling perfectly at home and happy in trousers and a loose coat. For this ball I got hold of a very fair boy's wig, combed my own hair right back, pinned it together, and put it *under* my pyjama coat. Over it I put the boy's wig; then I turned up the coat collar, and there I was—a complete boy! And, to my great joy, I won a prize because I looked exactly like a small boy, or so I was informed.

I have lived in France a good deal, and often watched the peasants working on farms and in the fields. It struck me as quite foolish

Photo Wrather & Son

Here is a smart rig-out for a *chauffeuse* or motor-cyclist. It is made of mackintosh, will wear for a lifetime, and is becoming into the bargain.

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A lift girl would find this uniform of dark green cloth delightfully comfortable, and would avoid all risk of catching her skirt in the lift-doors.

that the women should wear men's hats and heavy, clumsy shoes or sabots with full skirts! Their skirts appeared so bulky, and always seemed in the way. They got wet, too, so quickly, and how can a woman stoop over ploughed fields when a skirt is dragging and sagging round her ankles all the time? I longed to see them in neat corduroy breeches and smocks, or any sort of sensible kit that would not impede their movements or harbour mud and dirt and rain.

Since the war hundreds of French girls are tilling the fields and sowing seeds in place of Jean or Jacques who is with his regiment, and I heard recently from a sister of mine who lives in France that many of these girls are now wearing trousers—so the war has taught them something to their own advantage, anyhow!

If girls who have to tramp about fields and lanes in all weathers would only discard skirts, I'm sure they would not be half so tired at the end of the day—for breeches are beautifully light, and also colds and coughs would not be so frequent, as these evils generally arise from damp skirts flapping for hours round unprotected ankles.

If women are going to take men's places as drivers of vans, lorries, taxi-cabs, or private cars, I think it seems essential that they should wear trousers. Consider, alone, the question of climbing in and out of the car. The driver generally climbs over the driving side of the vehicle—if it is a private car—or mounts a high step—if it is a van or lorry. Now, imagine the hopeless inconvenience of a skirt in such conditions, and in all weathers, too, when skirts scrape against wheels and mud-guards, thus gathering much grime.

If girls intend to adopt motor-driving seriously—or even

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driving a horse van—they ought to say good-bye to skirts during business hours. Knickers and gaiters or high boots are far more sensible; in such garments a girl can fearlessly face possible repairs, intractable tail-lamps, and punctured tyres. But in a skirt—well, I'm sorry for the skirted chauffeurette, aren't you?

In the early days of the employment of girls to work lifts, I saw a nasty little accident, which might have had quite serious consequences. The lift-girl in question was wearing a skirt or a long overall—I forget which. Anyhow, it was long and fairly full. The bell rang suddenly, and she jerked the lift-doors together, creating a big draught, which caught her skirt and drew it forward. When the doors clanged together her skirt was between them, and at that moment, before she realised what had happened, the lift started upwards. She was hauled off her feet, of course, and landed bump! on both knees.

Luckily she kept her head, stopped the lift, lowered it, and released herself. But it was a nasty moment—and a man who happened to be in the lift made a very true remark:

"You oughtn't to be wearing skirts for this work," he said to the girl. "Do you imagine any boy or man would try to work a lift wearing even an apron, let alone a skirt? This is really a man's job, and you ought to dress suitably if you are going on with it!"

I think girls and their employers may hesitate to adopt trousers, because they fear general disapproval, especially from men. This is not the case, I'm sure. Before the war there might have been an outcry concerning the un-sexing of women—but not now. After all, this adoption of masculine professions by women is chiefly due to the war. Girls have proved their mettle in a great emergency, and, consequently, they should wear clothes suitable to that emergency.

Far from raging *against* the use of trousers by women, I can't help feeling that most men would applaud such a wise move—for working purposes. That man who saw the lift-girl's accident advocated trousers, and most other men would follow his example.

Photo *Weather & Boys.*

Any girl who works in a munition factory will vote for this workman-like overall suit, and revel in the freedom the trousers give.

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THE RIVER

By Lady Warwick.

For those who love boating the Thames has always had a unique attraction. In the following article Lady Warwick recalls the many delightful aspects of the river, and lets fall some words of wisdom with regard to river etiquette.

Before increased travelling facilities brought the river within the reach of all, the houseboats seemed to belong to people who understood the art of enjoying themselves quietly.

There is, of course, only one river with which the world that amuses itself is even remotely concerned, and that river is the Thames. This is no place for a discussion of its beauties; they are known all the world over, but for me there are a few stretches and peaceful backwaters that have an intense personal appeal. It was at Cleveden, in the days when the late Duke of Westminster owned it, that I enjoyed my first, or one of my first, "coming-out" parties.

I was little more that a girl at the time, full of boundless enthusiasm and the keenest interest in life, and I remember that house-party and the ball as I have failed to remember hundreds of others since. There were about twenty visitors staying in the house; the guests came from miles round, for it was the eve of Ascot Week, and all the surrounding country houses were taken for the great race meeting.

On the morning after the ball we drove in open carriages with four horses and postillions to Ascot, where I had my first glimpse of the races. When the racing was over and we had returned to Cleveden, we changed our wonderful Ascot frocks for something more appropriate and went on the river, and I made my first acquaintance with the Thames.

In those days Society affected the river, and there were a few hosts whose riverside homes were greatly favoured in the summer. The Duke of Westminster was one, Mr. Grenfell (Lord Desborough) was another, and there were others whose names escape me. There was nothing like the latter-day crowd then. No motor-cars had arrived to bring the most favoured reaches within a couple of hours' comfortable run of town, the

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Sunday train service was still asleep, boat-houses were comparatively few, and the houseboats seemed to belong to people who were able to enjoy themselves quietly—an art which was not then lost.

King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was not very interested in the river, but he would sometimes join his friends on a steam launch—the electric launch had not come into use and favour—and would spend a day on the river, having lunch and tea on board. They were peaceful, halcyon days, for fine weather would be chosen for the excursion, the party would be small, a *chef* would superintend the affairs of the kitchen, and there would be a Hungarian Band.

I thought in those days that the Thames would find a permanent place among the playgrounds of all classes of the community, but it was not to be. As facilities for reaching the river increased, so the crowds gathered, the houseboats multiplied, entertainments grew not only long but loud, and peace fled from the Thames, never, I fear, to return. Sunday on the river became frankly impossible as time went on, save in sad summers like that of last year, when the minds of thinking men and women had ceased to take count of amusement, and even the young had surrendered their season of pleasure to the stress of the times. Peace has not deserted the river altogether, but its latter-day visits were few until war broke out.

* * *

Such social life as the Thames still affords is associated in normal years with great simplicity in matters of dress. For men, of course, flannels are the only wear; for women, white serge and a shady hat. If the weather be very hot, white drill or muslin may be worn, but all costumes are tailor-made.

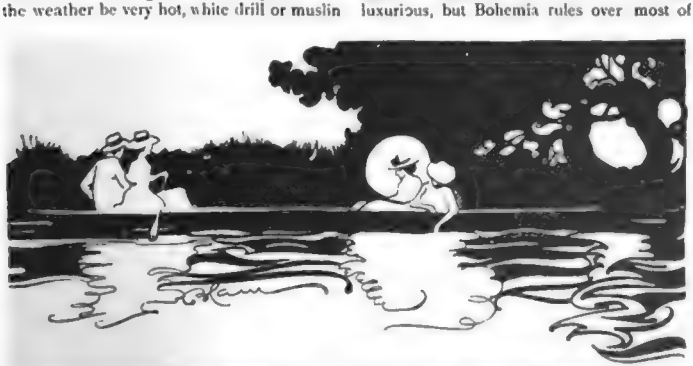
On the houseboats, only the *nouveaux riches* are concerned with elaborate costumes. The party is necessarily small, for the best houseboats have no more than a limited bedroom accommodation, but the hostess will ask as many friends as her dining-room will hold to come from town to lunch and dine.

It follows that, if people travel down for the day and dine before they leave, they cannot be expected to dress, for it would be impossible to find room for them to change, and, in order that they may be at their ease, the hostess and her visitors do not dress.

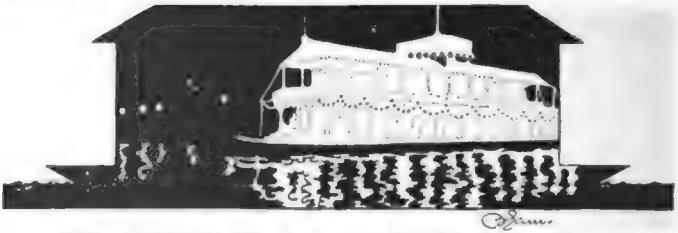
Needless to say, bands, dances, gramophones, concerts, and the rest are bad form, and are banned by those who have a sense of the fitness of things. The object of the owner or tenant of a houseboat is to keep away from the public eye, never to hit it.

Those who have houses on the river and are entertaining, do not return to the water after dinner and do not go near it on Sunday, unless they have private backwaters. By taking care, it is still possible to enjoy the Thames during the season of its greatest beauty and yet to avoid the less agreeable aspects of river life. June and July are the favourite months, for after the close of the London season nobody goes on the river; the calls of the various watering-places, the moors, and other attractions are too insistent.

Very beautiful houseboats have been seen on the Thames in recent years; the late Alfred Vanderbilt had one of the most luxurious, but Bohemia rules over most of



Peace has not deserted the river altogether, and even during the week-ends it is still possible to enjoy its beauty in the more secluded spots.



Very beautiful and elaborate houseboats have been seen on the Thames in recent years, but over most of them Bohemia still reigns.

them. I can't help regretting the vulgar side of Thames life. It seems to me that the natural beauties should have been sufficient to appeal to all classes, and that the noise and the "smartness" must have done much to drive away those who are, if the truth be told, the real lovers of our national stream. Even the Sunday after Ascot, when everybody sought the Thames, is better forgotten.

Happily, the motor-car enables people to pay a brief visit to some favourite spot at the time when there is no crowd, and to return after a few hours. On most week-days in June and July, for example, the river enjoys something akin to peace, but as a social haunt the Thames may be said to have passed, though there are always a few lovers of the river who think the surroundings are still worth the discomfort.

I cannot reckon myself amongst them; I am content with some very pleasant recollections, and have no desire to find them effaced.

❦ ❦ ❦

Henley for many years lacked all social importance. King Edward took no interest in the racing, and could not be persuaded to attend. It is fortunate that King George and Queen Mary are interested, and their patronage has brought the annual meeting into well-deserved prominence. It led before the war to the gathering of a few house-parties for Henley Week, and to a keener competition for all the events.

This is as it should be. The athletic spirit has done much for the country, and will do still more. Modern open-air exercise tends to be insufficiently laborious. Horse riding and cycling have suffered greatly from the motor-car; sculling, punting, and the rest were languishing a little until Henley assumed a large importance. Nothing can be better for the younger generation than hard exercise on the water, and not only a boy's muscles but a girl's figure will be improved by it. I suppose it will take a long time for Henley to recover after the great upheaval. It will be difficult to draw the competitors from overseas, and the ranks of the leisured classes will be greatly thinned, but it is to be hoped that the stimulus to river exercise will not be lost.

For the sake of the physical development of the young who give so much time to motoring, at the expense of better exercise, I should be glad to see the river become once again a social resort, for there is nothing within reach of London to take its place, and though there is plenty of yachting enthusiasm in Society, the opportunities for sailing one's own yacht are limited, and the steam yacht provides no more exercise than the railway train. I was talking over the prospects of Henley in the early summer of 1914 with a friend, and he declared that he could not think it has a future for Society.

"It has racing to contend with," he remarked; "you can hardly make a book on Henley."

I prefer to record this remark, and to say nothing about it.

There is little to be noted about the etiquette of the river, but that little is worth setting down. Rowing boats should give way to sailing boats, because the latter depend upon the wind. When coming down with the tide, keep to the middle stream; the shore belongs to those who are going up against the tide. You must go on the outside of two boats, and should do your best not only to give anglers a wide berth, but to do nothing to spoil their sport.

There should be no need to mention such simple matters as these, but before I gave up the river in despair they seemed to be ignored by a very considerable section of pleasure-seekers. There is a river hog as well as a road hog, and the one is as dangerous and undesirable as the other.

Now the river is supposed to be a great place for the romance of life, and I, who

knew and liked it in my most impressionable years, have many tender recollections of its highways and byways, even if I do not feel disposed to set them down. But I am not disposed to recall more than one incident.

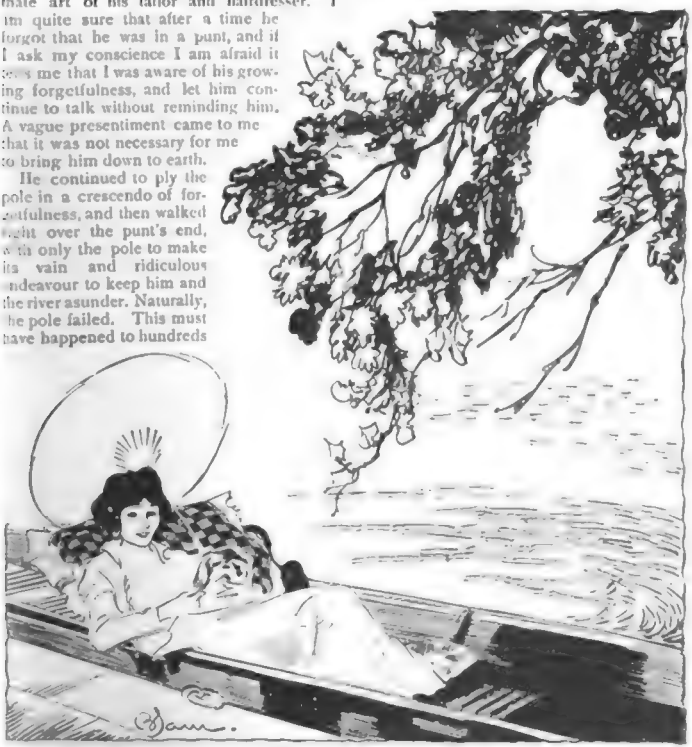
I went out once in a punt with an officer of the Guards—I won't say more than this—and when we started out I did the punting. But I never cared much for that form of exercise—it was not brisk enough. I would have preferred the sculls, and not being fond of punting I was never any good at it, so, after a while, I arranged myself very comfortably among the cushions, and my companion took the pole.

He was a vivacious and enthusiastic talker; I think he was not altogether unconscious of his own manly bearing, and of the consummate art of his tailor and hairdresser. I am quite sure that after a time he forgot that he was in a punt, and if I ask my conscience I am afraid it tells me that I was aware of his growing forgetfulness, and let him continue to talk without reminding him. A vague presentiment came to me that it was not necessary for me to bring him down to earth.

He continued to ply the pole in a crescendo of forgetfulness, and then walked right over the punt's end, with only the pole to make its vain and ridiculous endeavour to keep him and the river asunder. Naturally, the pole failed. This must have happened to hundreds of punters, but I do not think that in all his long history Father Thames ever embraced one so immaculate and well-groomed.

I smothered my smiles and came promptly to the rescue; it was a very limp and draggled Guardsman who recovered the pole and made for home at the double, while I uttered the platitudes of consolation and commiseration, as in duty bound. I wonder if a certain gallant General holding, as I write, a highly responsible command in the British Expeditionary Force will read these lines, remember the incident, and share my smile?

Apart from this, my river recollections are all of material things, particularly of the magnificent lunches that an Anglo-Indian now dead used to give, when he hired a steam launch and brought an Indian *chef* to make the curries.



Hard exercise on the water is splendid for a girl's figure, and even if she is not very energetic the fresh air is sure to be beneficial.

CONSIDER THE CHILDREN.

By

Mary Scharlieb

M.D., M.S. (London

There is no greater authority on the question of child welfare than Dr. Mary Scharlieb, sometime lecturer at the School of Medicine for Women in London, and author of various books on health. In the following article Dr. Scharlieb discusses the subject of sex hygiene and the part it should play in a child's development.

Dr. Mary Scharlieb, who voices a powerful plea for the children in the following article.

THE greatly increased interest taken in children and in all that appertains to them is a development during the last fifteen or twenty years. In Victorian days the guiding principle for parents was: "Demand obedience, Give no reasons, Answer no questions." Then came a revulsion of feeling, and to the sternness and repressive measures of fifty years ago there succeeded a laxity and over-indulgence which were quite as harmful. The result on the children, and consequently on the nation, of these methods has been wholly disastrous. Devotion to pleasure has taken the place of devotion to duty, and there has been no substitution of the healthy principle of self-control for the old-fashioned *régime* of parental discipline.

We shall not, of course, return to mid-Victorian methods, and perhaps it is not desirable that we should do so; it would probably be better for the children to be brought up on the "Thou shalt" of the Gospel rather than on the "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue. We should endeavour, by placing before the children noble aims and high ideals, to raise the tone of their moral natures from the earliest days. No doubt this method makes a far larger demand on the parents than did the mid-Victorian repression or the more recent lax *régime*. In order that the children shall have high ideals the parents must themselves live up to the standard they propose for the children.

It is not reasonable, nor is it practicable, to demand from children truth, chivalry, and mutual forbearance if they constantly see that their parents and other seniors are careless as to veracity, that the men have little or no consideration for the women, and that mutual love and forbearance are practically unknown. Those parents who are strong enough to rise to the height of their opportunities will find that in endeavouring to set a good example to their children they have reformed themselves.

The psychology of childhood is a fascinating study, and one that is too much neglected by those who have the care of children. It does not, however, need much study to convince us that among the passions of a small child's heart are love of truth, contempt of falsehood, and an extraordinarily keen appreciation of justice. Children, like animals, and also like uneducated people in whom instinct replaces or largely supplements reason, have an almost intuitive perception of truth; they seem to know quite uncannily when any grown-up resorts to subterfuge or even to the *suppressio veri*.

A child's confidence in the truth and honour of those under whose care he lives is difficult to restore when once it has been injured. He probably judges grown-up people and children by a different standard and his sense of right and wrong is more easily offended by the trespass of the person who is, he thinks, in a position to know right from wrong, and who is surely free to act according to the dictates of conscience.

Children are chivalrous by nature and are apt to resent rudeness and unkindness shown by father to mother, or by elder brothers to sisters—*e.g.*, a small boy not five years old being unfortunately present when his mother

received a severe, and, as he thought, unmerited scolding, offered as consolation:

"Never mind, mummie dear. I will kill him as soon as I am big enough."

As to the appreciation of justice by children and adolescents, we have the typical saying of the Rugby schoolboy—"Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast." Indeed, we all know the cheerful endurance of punishment shown by a child who realises that it is the due reward for the bad deed he has committed.

Upon these and other kindred considerations we might probably base a more considerate, and a more successful, training of our children in citizenship and in character. To begin with the principle of truth, it is most unfortunate that the majority of parents and guardians have hitherto entered into a conspiracy of silence, or, even worse, of lying. Children are eager little mortals, full of a desire for knowledge, sometimes unkindly called curiosity; they live in a world which contains for them many surprises and large areas of the unknown which offer to them all the piquancy of research and discovery. To grown-up people the child's direct questions and eagerness may be found disconcerting, but this is because too many grown-up people have forgotten what was the attitude of their own minds in the days of childhood, and attribute to an improper curiosity what is, after all, a perfectly legitimate, and even a praiseworthy, desire for information.

Setting aside for the present the other objects and questions encountered by the child, let us think of his introduction to the drama of life. Nothing escapes the keen and eager eyes of children, and the advent of a new baby, a brood of kittens, or the appearance of nestlings, inevitably cause the questions:

"Whence did they come?" "How did they come?" "What are they?"

The attitude of the child's mind is absolutely normal and untouched by pruriency or unhealthiness. Unfortunately, the person questioned too frequently says:

"I cannot tell you," or, worse still, offers some perfectly futile and untrue explanation founded on the mystery of the doctor's black bag or the curious productions of a parsley bed! The young questioner appraises these answers at their true value, he is disgusted by their futility, and his sense of right and wrong is offended by their untruthfulness. In the majority of instances he accepts defeat, but the parent or guardian has lost the character for truthfulness which ought to be one of his greatest assets in the future guidance of the child.

It is absolutely necessary that the whole question of sex hygiene should be lifted on to a high and dignified level, and that information shall be given to children which shall be always truthful, as full as is compatible with the age and capacity of the inquirer, and as dignified and reverent as the communications to children ought to be on the subject of religion.

In very early days the answer may be in substance: "God sent the baby," or "God gave the cat her kittens. I cannot tell you all about it now, but I will when you are a little older."

The time, however, soon comes when the fulfilment of this promise is claimed, and then the explanation must be on the lines that "Our Father," the great Creator of the Universe, has given to His creatures a humble share in His great creative power; that He, the Lord and Giver of Life, has given to each parent the power to produce offspring in its own likeness.

This will answer the question, "Whence came they?" Then will come the further demand, "How did they come?"

To this the proper answer is that when God was pleased to give the new life, the baby, the kitten, the bird, was too tiny and too tender to live by itself, that it was placed in the mother's body and there kept warm and safe until it was fit for independent existence. When the child is again a little older the information may be given that it was after long months of waiting, of self-denial, and of patience that the baby entered the world, and that it was to mother-love and to motherly self-devotion that it owed its existence and its safety.

This announcement will always strengthen and hallow the instinctive bond between mother and child. The eagerness that the young experience to impart information may be wisely checked by the mother's remark:

"These things are too sacred for us to talk about; it is a great mystery, it is a beautiful secret between you and me and God."

After a time the father's share in the gift of life will need explanation, and here, probably, the devotion of male birds to their mates and their nestlings will help in imparting the necessary information. The facts, too of vegetable physiology, as exemplified in such flowers as the lily, afford a beautiful parable on sexual relations.

The student learns that the golden grains of pollen which fall from the male *anthers* are received on the *stigma*, and from them delicate tubes grow downwards into the ovary of the plant, where they convey the fertilising principle to the *ovules*. Alone the pollen grains are powerless; without their

influence the ovules would live and die alone, but from their union proceeds the life of new plants, and the wonderful cycle of generation is completed.

The next care of the wise parent should be the inculcation of self-reverence and self-control. The child should very early learn to recognise its body as the casket that contains a priceless gem, the human soul. Also, better and more wonderful than this, that the human body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, that it is indwelt by God in a more real and a more wonderful way than was appreciated by philosophers and poets of old time. The child should be instructed that its body must be cared for and preserved from all that would injure and defile, just as reverently as we seek to guard an ancient and beautiful cathedral. Thus he will learn the necessary lessons of physical culture and moral purity.

The child or the adolescent who realises the sanctity of his body will quickly learn to respect its needs and its limitations; appetite will not degenerate into greediness, and undue desire will be quickly checked. It is perfectly evident that those children who receive no proper training in the care of the body, who are permitted to eat and to drink what they like and when they like, to whom the desire of the moment, whether of exercise or rest, is unchecked, are likely to grow up into self-indulgent men and women, mere human animals, very little above the beasts that perish, so far as the proper cultivation of the body and its powers are concerned.

We must not imagine that when we have stored a child's mind with beautiful ideas and with sound principles that we have done all that is necessary to secure its health and happiness. The years of adolescence are years of growth and of development that can only be compared to the rush and outburst of tropical vegetation. In the course of a few brief years the practically sexless child becomes the young man or the young woman. The changes in the anatomy of the body and in its physiological functions are enormous, and it is inevitable that a creature so abundantly endowed with life and in such a condition of rapid development must be unstable in a very high degree.

Indeed, this is the characteristic of most adolescents; they are everything in turn and nothing long. Intellectually they are attracted to one study after another, and if left unchecked they will begin everything and finish nothing; their affections are also extremely changeable, and sometimes earn for them a reputation for fickleness.

Among the new and ill-understood developments of adolescence are the sexual passions; they are most generally not recognised by adolescent or by parents because they present themselves chiefly under the forms of restlessness, of faults of temper, and sometimes in those terrible absorbing friendships, more common between girls than boys, against which parents, guardians, and teachers should be always on the watch.

Many girls suffer severely from such friendships; they become so absorbing and so greatly monopolise the time, strength, and thoughts, that they seem to swallow up the individual, and interfere with education and with home duties.

Fortunately the absorbing friendships of the adolescent are usually less harmful than those which develop a little later in life. In both cases they appear to be founded on a perversion of the sexual instinct, but in the majority of cases the cure of the adolescent is accomplished by the normal and desirable development of true love which leads to marriage, and effectually routs the invading phantom of an unhealthy and exclusive friendship between two members of the same sex.

Few things are more beautiful than really healthy friendship whether between girls or boys; it is only the unbalanced, undue, and exclusive friendships which are injurious and likely to hinder healthy development.

The consideration of the subject of sex hygiene in the young would be altogether incomplete without some attention to various other measures for securing the health of body and of moral nature on which social purity largely depends. One great safeguard against the sins of the flesh is the due cultivation of muscle and of nerve necessary for perfect health. Amongst the most potent agencies to secure this end are the games and athletic exercises that have so long been the happy privilege of the children of the more leisured classes.

Cricket and football, racquets and fives, badminton and croquet, tennis and lacrosse, golf and hockey are each and all admirably adapted to securing these objects. In these games it is not only the muscles and nerves that receive due development and cultivation, but also the corporate instinct, the capacity for command, the habit of obedience, and the altruistic spirit which leads a worthy player to prefer the welfare of school or club to any individual chance of distinction and advantage. Unfortunately the children of the poorer classes have very generally failed to secure opportunities for this most desirable portion of a sound education, and every effort ought to be made by the various authorities and by all who are interested in the welfare of the young to secure for our elementary

school children and for young people after school age, an adequate share in this national inheritance.

Other forms of exercise are of great value, *e.g.*, gymnastics of various sorts, including running, jumping, and dancing, but more especially the excellent form of training for which we are indebted to Sweden, and which is founded on the genius of Ling. These Swedish exercises have as one of their characteristics *graduation* whereby a constant ascent is made from simple and easy to more complicated and difficult exercises, which are skilfully contrived to bring into play every muscle, tissue, and organ of the human body. In Sweden a gymnasium is attached to all *Volk Schule* (corresponding to our elementary schools). These large, airy, well-lighted buildings are occupied from morning to night by many different classes of the population.

In the early morning men of the governing and professional classes are to be seen bracing bodies and nerves before encountering the day's work. From 9 a.m. onwards there is a constant succession of classes attended by children and adolescents of all ages, while in the evening there may be found those whose work has kept them busy all day, but who are true to the national ambition to develop a healthy body for the habitation of a healthy mind. To most of these gymnasia are attached baths for the use of all the children. Before they go in for the exercises the upper clothing is removed and knickers and tunics are put on (these garments are provided by the children, or by the State in the case of the really poor); exercises over the class adjourns to the baths, and it has been found that the necessity of undressing in public acts as a great incentive towards cleanliness of person and tidiness of clothes.

It is high time that Great Britain with her superior wealth should imitate the example of Scandinavia, and provide both gymnasia and baths for the young people of the land. The contribution that exercises and baths can make to physical health and moral welfare is very great, and the necessary outlay would bear a rich dividend in the enhanced standard of health and self-respect of our children.

In connection with the subject of baths, we ought to remember the value of swimming as a means of cleanliness, as a perfect exerciser of the bodily frame, and as a powerful adjunct in the cultivation of self-respect. It is quite incomprehensible how a nation whose past, present, and future is on the water, and whose home is encircled by the ocean, should fail to appreciate the duty incumbent on all its children to learn the easy art of swimming.

The amusements of the nation are largely responsible for its morals, and nowhere is a wise and sympathetic censorship more evidently necessary than in the popular cinematograph or picture palace. This form of amusement is very naturally and deservedly popular with the young, but, unfortunately, as in the case of the theatre and the music-hall, the nation as a whole has failed to insist that its appeal should be to all that is pure and lovely and of good report.

The theatre, at any rate as a whole, has risen to the level of a public instructor, although its general excellence is marred from time to time by the Problem Play and the too vulgar farce; but, if the cinematograph is to take its proper place in training the intellect and taste of the young, much care will have to be exercised in the selection of the scenes depicted.

Equally important is it that the literature offered to children and young people should be such as to elevate and refine. The field is wide, and there is room for cheap reprints from standard authors, for current literature lofty in aim, interesting in matter, and admirable in form. There is no room for unhealthy romances, nor for such books as attract the sympathy of generous but heedless youth to the character which ought to be the villain, but which is, unfortunately, represented as the hero of the tale.

Much has been lost to the nation by the growing disregard of religion that has overtaken us during the last half-century. The neglect of the Bible has deprived our young people of many fitting subjects for hero-worship, and accounts for the indifference that too frequently exists towards the most Exalted Personality and the most Beautiful Character that the world has ever known. The largely prevailing desecration of Sunday and the frequent abandonment of public worship is greatly to be deplored.

The want of reverence for the venerable, the noble, and the divine has injured our national character, and, although the wonderful devotion shown by the sons of the nation who have responded to her cry for help shows that all our old characteristics are not dead, we must sadly acknowledge that had the nation as a whole been on the alert, and had we understood, as our great antagonist understood, the value of a united and an earnest-minded people, many of the troubles which we now deplore would never have overtaken us.

The past is gone, the present is doubtful, but the future still lies before us, and the future of this Realm and Empire depends chiefly on the training that we are able and willing to give to the children of the nation

The MYSTERY

By Cosmo Hamilton.

I.

The First of May, 1913.

Come into a charming, little, new house in Every Street.

It is lunch time, but breakfast is on the table. These two have only been married a month.

Darling—and she really *is* a darling—is sitting at the table alone. If you listen hard you will hear grampus-like splashings in the bathroom. The house is modern. Her blue dressing-gown is what is known as awf'ly tweeky, and her blue slippers look just right on her little, stockingless feet. Add to these things that her hair is very nearly golden and that she is very young and sweet, and it is foolish to tell you that he gave up a bit of a yacht, excellent bachelor rooms, which he had only just done up, and a passion for blue china, in order to marry. He was a man who never did things by halves.

Everything on the breakfast table is cold—the coffee, in a silver wedding present, the very conscious and inevitable new-laid eggs, the sausages, and even the toast that she is nibbling as she reads the paper.

A man walks quickly across the room above. He has heelless slippers. There are a series of heavy dumps on the stairs, and when the door is flung open she jumps up and holds out her arms to the husband whom she has not seen for half-an-hour.

"Dar-ling!"

"Dar-ling!"

Her little golden head goes awfully well with his bath wrap of blue and white.

"What an age I've been away from you," he says. He is a most attractive person—tall and square and young and simple and obviously happy.

"It's awful," says she. "Must happily-married men bath and shave every morning? Is there *no* way out?"

"None, unless they become artists."

She sees the laugh in the corner of his eyes. "Then continue to bath and shave," she answers. "But I shall have a speaking-tube put into the bathroom."

"Great notion! You can read the Stock Exchange quotations to me while I'm soaping."

She refuses to take the matter lightly.

"I can't. I shall be far too busy telling you all that's happening to me while you're away."

"Dar-ling!"

"Dar-ling!"

Then he holds her away from him. "I say! What a corking new way of doing your hair."

And such a smile lights up her face.

"Do you like it? It's called the hurry-up-breakfast-gong's-gone-eight-times way."

She stands on tiptoe and puts her arms

OF MARRIAGE

"She is mine own:
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

round his neck. What greater proof could she have that she is happily married?

"Dar-ling!"

"Dar-ling. . . . And now for breakfast. You must be starving. It's a rotten trick to have made you wait. . . ." He sees that she has finished and that everything is cold. He used to be extremely fussy about hot breakfast.

"You see, I *had* to have mine, to keep me from being lonely. I'll ring for another one for you."

"No, no. That's all right."

"But the coffee's gone all sulky!"

"I love it like that."

"And the toast is like yesterday's paper."

"I never know the difference."

"And, oh, look at those sausages. They're just like cold, fat women huddling together in tight bathing dresses."

"I much prefer 'em cold." His voice is filled with the gorgeous sincerity of the just-married man.

"But let me ring for just *one* hot thing."

"How could I possibly care about hot breakfast now that I've got *you*?" And he sits down to that chilly table with genuine determination and cheerfulness.

For a minute or two she stands looking at him. Her heart warms, but a curious, new sense of gravity and even fright steals all through her because she suddenly realises the great fact that he *has* got her, that all the days of all her life are in his hands to make or break.

"Will you think like that this time next year?"

He looks up from his unappetising plate. She was his, this young live thing, with all the wonderful possibilities of wifehood. In the excitement of winning her and marrying, he had not thought of this time next year. Please God there would be limitless years in which to think about her, and his answer thrills with the ring of truth.

"Yes, next year and always."

A few minutes later she fills his cup, laughing. "Well, at any rate, the coffee is really *beautifully* cold."

He empties the cup.

"I say, have you forgotten what to-day is?"

"To-day?"

"Yes, the first of May."

"Call me early, mother dear, for I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year."

"Thank God, *your* mother is a tactful woman."

"I know! It's your birthday!"

"You're wrong, for the first time in your life. It's yours."

"How perfectly wonderful of you to know so much about me!"

"Look!" he says, drawing a jewel-case out of the pocket of his very new dressing-gown.

She gives a cry. "You've bought me a present!"

His tone is almost angry. "Well, good heavens, you don't think that I shall ever let to-day go by without one, do you?"

It is a diamond pendant. The insidious stones glitter in the sunlight.

"But this lovely thing must have cost a small fortune."

"It did." He squares his shoulders.

"But are you sure you'll be able to afford things like this every year?"

She has every excuse for being a little breathless.

"I'm sure I shan't, but you're mine, you see, and I'm mighty grateful to you for having been born for me."

"And you needn't smoke quite such good cigars, need you?" Yes, she was going to be very successful as a wife. "How splendid, how fine, how unselfish you are!"

This time he puffs out his chest.

"Ah, you're beginning to find me out, aren't you? Let me put it on for you."

And when it is round her little white neck, she goes swiftly to the fireplace and stands on tiptoe and looks at the gleaming thing made up of the stones that have driven so many Eves out of Paradise.

"How does it suit me?"

"You could see it through a fog a hundred miles away."

"Dar-ling!"

"Dar-ling!"

He returns proudly and recklessly to the sausages.

And presently, leaving the looking-glass, she goes softly over to him, and puts her cheek against his face.

"I should have been equally happy if you had just 'remembered,'" she says.

II.

The First of May, 1914.

Come with me into the same room again.

You will notice, quickly enough, that some of the pristine freshness of the furniture has gone. The passing of a year has told its tale. It has an unforgivable knack of doing so. There is not quite the same gloss of newness anywhere, except about the silver on

"He *ought* to be awake. You'll start him off with bad habits—sleeping as late as this!"——

the breakfast table. This does not denote the presence of a good housemaid so much as the keen and capable eye of a good housewife.

And now look at our young friend, the husband.

Dressed for the City, there is a different breakfast air about him. He is a live wire. He glances at the little ormolu clock with more than a suspicion of irritation, although it points to a quarter to nine. He has read the morning paper from beginning to end, and it lies where he has thrown it. He has already put the coffee-pot and the toast into the fireplace to keep hot. He goes smartly to the door, calls "Darling . . . Darling!" sharply, returns to the table, and puts the sausages side by side with the toast.

The business of the day calls him. It acts upon him strongly. It is obviously irksome to be kept waiting for breakfast. He is no less in love than he was, but he has been married for a year. He is the wage-earner. The little house, the little wife, her hats and frocks and pleasures, his own future depend upon his daily exertions, and a man cannot begin the day well on a cold breakfast.

She comes in quickly. She is prettier than ever—better than merely pretty, because there is all about her a charming air of having found herself, of a sense of responsibility, a realisation that life is something more than a wonderful romance in which she, in a constant succession of bewildering frocks, plays the perpetual heroine.

She goes to him quickly and puts her arms round his neck. "Darling," she says.

And he moves away. "Yes, darling, yes," he replies. He is not irritable. He is without temper. He is merely late for breakfast, and there is work to be done.

—She lays a sweet finger on his lips. "If you *must* talk—whisper, to please me." [Page 227, col. 1

One by one he picks the dishes out of the grate.

If he had waited for a moment and looked into her eyes he would have seen something in them that would have made him catch his breath. Her voice, however, is just as delicious and equable as usual.

"I don't seem to have seen you for hours," she says, tucking herself into her napkin.

"Well, why can't you have your bath at night?"

"Because all women whose husbands are on the Stock Exchange need two baths a day."

If there was a joke, it left him colder than the sausages.

"I daresay you're right, but it absolutely rots breakfast as a meal."

"Darling, but why *will* you wait for me?"

"Well, hang it, isn't breakfast the right time to tell you not to spend money during the day?"

"Yes, darling."

"These sausages are like special constables at three o'clock in the morning."

"I like them *really* cold."

"And the coffee might have been made with ice by Shackleton."

"It's a lovely, warm morning!"

Her unexpected answer awoke an enormous laugh in him. What a darling she was, but he was a business man and the wage-earner, and breakfast was one of his best meals.

"What are you doing to-day?" he asks instead.

"I'm going to mark the new towels,

tighten the buttons on all your vests, pick the dead leaves off the geraniums in the window-boxes, and lie down in the afternoon, so that I may be *very* fit for this evening."

He looks up sharply.

"Are you dining with anyone, then?"

She laughs and thinks how awfully well he is pretending to be a man of at least thirty.

"Yes—at the Carlton—with you."

His surprise is entirely genuine.

"At the Carlton—with *me?* With Steels more like old scrap iron?"

"And then you're taking me to the Palace. . . ."

"To the pit?"

"Where we shall get up an excellent appetite for supper at the Savoy!"

He puts down his knife and fork with the deliberation peculiar to all men when they see a chance to be dramatic.

"You can't be feeling very well this morning," he says, after the necessary pause.

"I *was* feeling fine," but her little laugh is hyphened to a tear. "Have you—have you read to day's paper?"

"Yes. . . . Why?"

"All of it?"

"Money market, golf, and murders."

"Then you *know* the date."

"The date. Of course. It's the first of May."

And she pretends to eat a little more, and takes a sip of coffee. "Isn't that the reason why you are taking me to the Carlton and the Palace and the Savoy even in these hard times?"

He looked at her curiously.

"What *is* the matter with you to-day, darling? I shall ring up the doctor and ask him. . . ."

She gets up, goes to the sofa, crumples into it like a little girl who has been badly hurt, and bursts into tears.

The sight and sound of her brings him to his feet. What on earth has he said or done?

"My dear, what is it? Why are you crying?"

"You've forgotten — you've forgotten already."

"Forgotten?"

"And only a year ago to-day you said you'd never, never forget. I don't want a diamond necklace, and I don't really want to go to dinner and supper and the theatre. I only just want you to remember."

And then all the business man in him falls off like an ugly garment and leaves him the lover, the man in whose hands the whole happiness and sunniness of life rests. He goes to the sofa and wraps her all about in his arms.

"Your birthday! Oh, darling, what a brute I am. I *had* forgotten because things aren't going very well in the City, and I'm worried about money. I'm so awfully sorry. I'll never forget again, never."

Her tears cease, and through her long, wet eyelashes there comes a gleam of something like triumph, of exaltation and amazement.

"No," she says, "you never *will* forget again, you won't be able to forget. It's the first of May, the first of May, darling, a day we shall both remember as long as we live."

And she lifts up her face for a moment, glorified with some beautiful light that seemed to him to come direct from Heaven, puts her mouth to his ear and whispers.

"Darling!" he cries. "Oh, darling!"

III.

The First of May, 1915.

Come once more with me.

There are many drastic changes in the pretty little breakfast-room. There is a dainty rattle on the floor, a white woollen baby's stocking over the back of a chair, and bang in the middle of the sofa, in an attitude of impertinent assurance, a large brown Teddy bear! The year has been a fruitful one since we came here last.

Breakfast is again on the table.

The husband and father comes in briskly. Times are evidently better. He is wearing white spats. It is also evident that he hoped to see the wife and mother at the head of his table. His face falls when he finds the room empty, and he throws a very resentful look at the door of the room which his son and heir has commandeered. However, time is flying and the train waits for no man.

He pours out a cup of steaming coffee, tries to drink it, puts it down and pours in cold water. He then looks longingly at the door which has become so full of meaning, gets up and goes to it.

At first he hesitates and wavers. The sight of the wide-faced, inexorable clock pulls him together. But he doesn't knock. He taps—lightly. Nothing happens. He taps again, and still there is no response.

Then his patience goes.

"Darling, for heaven's sake come and have breakfast. I tell you I loathe having it alone, morning after morning, like this. Everything's so beastly hot. It's perfectly sickening."

The door opens softly and he goes in.

"Ssh, darling, sssh!"

He catches hold of her.

"Can't I make all the row I like? Is he paying for this house, or am I?"

"*Please* don't make such a noise. You'll wake him."

"Why not? He *ought* to be awake. You'll start him off with bad habits—sleeping as late as this!"

She lays a sweet finger on his lips.

"If you *must* talk—whisper, to please me."

And so he continues his outburst, whispering angrily:

"I won't be deserted—I tell you, I won't. I came first. I won you. Be fair. Am I never going to see you alone again? Come in and have breakfast with me."

She allows herself to be pulled away.

"Be careful how you shut the door."

He is careful. Even she could not have shut it more softly. And then he takes her in his arms.

"Darling! Darling! You were *my* darling first, you know. And when I go off after breakfast without seeing you I have indigestion for the rest of the day."

She looks up and, even in his present state of mind, he has to own to himself that her smile would light up a tunnel.

"When I kissed him just now he opened his eyes and looked at me. He *knew* me—I'm sure he knew me."

"Well, he *would* be a little ass if he didn't."

"I'm perfectly certain he understands everything that I say. It's—it's wonderful, darling."

"Oh no. His parents are far above the average of intelligence."

"Listen!"

"What is it?"

His tone thrills with anxiety.

"I heard him sigh."

He holds her back.

"It's only the nurse blowing her nose."

"I think I'd better go."

"No, I tell you. Now, look here. You're coming to dinner at the Carlton to-night."

"Oh, but I daren't leave the boy."

"What? With that woman getting forty pounds a year? I tell you you're dining at the Carlton, going to the show at the Palace, and having supper at the Savoy."

The little mother is aghast.

"What *would* he say to me when I got back?"

"Nothing. Thank heaven, he can't speak. It's the first of May—don't you understand? Have you forgotten what the first of May means to me?"

"Forgotten? *Because* it's the first of May I'm not going out to-night, darling. I'm going to stay with my boy."

"Hang it—*our* boy."

"*Our* boy—and with the money you would have wasted on dinner and supper you're going to buy something useful for Him."

He scoffed, but there was something very warm in his eyes.

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

She puts her face up.

"I *know* you are—because you love me, and my birthday and yours only matter now because they have brought *him*. See?"

She kisses him and tip-toes to the door, blows him another kiss, and creeps in.

For a moment he watches the door with a high head and a proud heart, turns and gives the impertinent Teddy bear a punch in the chest. He sinks back among the cushions in a comic attitude, utterly without dignity. There he is left, while his bully goes to the breakfast-table and commences breakfast. But not for long.

Our friend the young father is a man of humour as well as sentiment. That tactless Teddy stands for more than a mere stuffed thing with beady eyes. By Jove, yes, for something that makes life very good and blessed and purposeful. He gets up, picks the brown thing up by a paw and, with great politeness and friendship, even with a touch of deference, seats him in the empty chair, puts a sausage on a plate and says:

"How do you like your coffee, old fellow?"

"SEND US THE 'ROYAL' I"

"I need not tell you how fond of the ROYAL we are out here, and we certainly do revel in your theatrical features."

This is only one of the many appreciative comments of the fighting men who look to the ROYAL to cheer up their dull moments, and to you to see that they get it.

Your part is so simple. Just hand as many copies of the ROYAL as you can collect over the counter at any post-office. They must be clean and in good condition, but without wrapping of any kind. They cannot be sent to any particular soldier or sailor, but will be distributed among the troops to the very best advantage.

"Tommy's" leisure is often of the spasmodic order, and that's why short stories and brief, breezy articles are the very thing for him. He will fight twice as well if he is in good spirits, so—well, it's up to you, isn't it?

The LETTERS of a FLAPPER

This month the flapper records—in a letter to her bountiful uncle—the crowning disappointment of her young life. It concerns a Zeppelin raid and some cherished nighties—a sad tale which will rend the most flinty heart.—Ed. R.M.

DARLINGEST UNCLE,

The world is full of trouble. Perhaps I've never told you that foolish grown-up people often make my young life a misery by nagging at me to be thoughtful, to plan for the future, and all that sort of rot. And now my solitary specimen of a think, my little ewe lamb, my orphan, has cost me more guineas than I care to remember—not entirely wasted, it's true, but useless for the purpose I spent them for.

You see, we have had a kind of cousin of mine staying with us, one of those driven-off-the-countershaft sort of relatives, you know, who expect to be allowed to kiss one—oh, in a purely cousinly spirit, of course—without showing any reasonable evidence why they should. He is Reginald Mayne Gasforth, Esq., a lieutenant in the Poppyshirts, that fine old corps with its well-known motto: "Non angeli, sed Angli."

Now, as the French exercise books say, the house of my father is the mark of the Zeppelins, or at least the district we infest is, for you know the howl that went up last time they dumped a bomblet in Sangazur Square, and we're at the other end of it, if you can have an end to a square.

Eh bien zut alors! Reginald Gasforth, being one of those young nuts who leap at the obvious every time, condescended to lecture us on the correct thing to do when, in the words of the song, chastely adapted, "There's a Zep. Still Shining in the Sky." He said we must come downstairs no matter how dark the night, how comfy the bed, or how sleepy the victims. He was quite aware that the top of the house might crumple on the ground floor, the *entresol* subside on the *rez-de-chaussée*, and if you know what that means I don't. "Nevertheless, I want to be there," quoth R. M. Gasforth, standing up like a little man in his neat service uniform, "and I want to meet you all in that, the only safe spot."

I wrestled nobly with Reggie. He has the limp, drowsy cut of the more expensive cavalry, and his breeches are a poem. His lion tamer's whip is also more lion-tamery than usual. We doddered about town together happily enough, and Reggie, except when he was telling me how he loved me, not only as a cousin but even more so, kept trolling forth little hints about Zeps. It was then that I committed my think.

Uncle dearest, Zeps. always come at night, and that means in the dark, when one is tucked in one's little white bed. And if one has to fly suddenly it means bolting out in one's bare feet and crawling, crawling down the dim, dark, dismal stairs just as one is. And what does one wear on these occasions? Is it not a nightie?

Very well, then. I said to myself: "April, if you are to skim down at midnight and meet your family, including your cousin, in the hall at 2 a.m., for goodness sake wear something memorable. It only happens once in a lifetime!"

That was my think, Uncle. I bought several new nighties. I can't describe them, so I enclose the bills, which speak for

themselves. *Crêpe Georgette* is *so* 'spensive. The shades were all different, and simply heavenly. One had a quotation from Swinburne embroidered on it in purple.

"Now," I thought, fondling the slumber-wear in my own room, "we shall not perhaps suffer so much from Reginald's light gossip about aircraft if they *do* come. I shall excite wonder in his undeveloped brain. It will give poor father a chance to get a word in edgeways."

It was about then. Uncle sweetheart, that my lonely sailor came home. You didn't know I had a lonely sailor, did you? Never mind. He advertised in the agony column of the *Daily Gibber*, and he told me in response to my girlish, tactful reply that I was the only one of his 1983 correspondents he replied to.

Rodney's stern, workmanlike simplicity set off the triple gilt of Reginald. I divided my time equally between the two.

I suppose he told all the others the same thing, but although I daresay a few of them held on I wore them down in due time. It was a war of attrition, stately relative. My withered charms carried all before them. I sent him a photograph, you see, and he swore he took it everywhere with him, even into places like the starboard after barbette.

Well, when Lieutenant Rodney Cochrane, R.N., called, father took to him. Lieutenant Rodney has told me that this was not altogether an accident. These sailors learn the art of war very easily. They merely let fly a shot or so in passing at the beautiful flapper daughter. It is her father whom they engage heavily.

Then he offers to put them up, and, behold, the field is open to them. They are free to dwell on her rose silk stockings for days instead of minutes. It is, as the neutrals say, a cinch.

All these things, as it happened, came to pass in the case of dear Rodney. He consented graciously to stop with us a few days. Rodney's stern, workmanlike simplicity set off the triple gilt of Reginald. I divided my time equally between the two—as equally as I could that is, seeing that Rodney was a stranger and a sojourner and Reggie always posed as one of the family.

Scarcely had Rodney, who has sailed all over the world and seen savage men and red devils and things—scarcely had Rodney impressed on me that I have the most delicious ankles in the world, which, of course, I did not know, and given me tea at the Carlton and the Japonica Tea Rooms, where one can get a little peace and quiet after the toil of the day, and fed father at the Rag, and dug up thirty-nine mutual acquaintances of theirs from Shiraz to the Shan Hills, when that occurred which Reggie had foreseen.

Zeps arrived over Sangazur Square.

It was very dramatic. I had but retired to my wee room, done in the tenderest shade of amethyst, and unclasping my most adorable dinner dress let it flutter to the ground. Suddenly I heard that dismal clatter which

Reggie looked and longed, but Rodney's eye of steel compelled him. Sulkily he turned and led mother away.

means a Zep in full song, and the *boom!* of anti-aircraft guns.

Then there came the sound of bedroom doors opening. Father roared out something regrettable about Zeps and their crews. I heard a faint protest from mother. Nerving myself for the journey I flitted across my room and peeped out of the door. My eyes fell upon Reggie in amber silk pyjies lighting a cigarette with ostentatious calm.

Then darling Rodney's door opened with a snap. He strode out, still in his beautiful blue uniform (he told me afterwards he had been gazing at my photo and forgotten to go to bed) carrying a couple of blankets.

"Get below everybody," he yapped out, just like they do on the quarter-deck. "Will you carry on, sir, and see people downstairs?" he went on to father. "Gasforth, give Lady Vereker your arm!"

Then Reggie and Rodney both saw my dark head peeping round my door. It was the crisis; Reggie looked and longed, but Rodney's eye of steel compelled him. Sulkily he turned and led mother away.

"Come along, Miss Vereker. Don't be alarmed! Wrap yourself in this," went on Rodney in his crisp, decisive way. He held out a blanket invitingly. I opened the door to obey, and then it occurred to me suddenly I'd forgotten to put on the wrap I'd snatched up!

The next thing I remember is being borne downstairs, wrapped in two blankets, in Rodney's strong arms. He laid me tenderly on a Chesterfield in the hall.

"I fear the shock has been too much," he murmured sympathetically to mother. I had just time to close one eye at Reggie, as she turned away for the smelling salts.

A person of your perception, Uncle, dearest, will not have failed to garner the pith of the tragedy by now. There lay I, swathed shapelessly in two robust blankets. Upstairs reposed three of the fairest nighties ever wrought by mortal fingers. You twig, do you not?

Glancing sorrowfully over the bills, which, as I said, I enclose, and which are as yet unpaid, let not your sympathy be altogether dumb, Uncle. Try and write it, if you can't speak it. Write to your banker about it. He will love to help.

Your nicest niece,

APRIL.

It occurred to me suddenly I'd forgotten to put on the wrap I'd snatched up.

THE POISON-SHOOTER

By Albert Dorrington.

"And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears."

The lynching party from Fiddler's Gap expressed a desire to spare Barge Hennessy's dog. The pup, as Steve Carter explained, had done everything to prevent Hennessy delivering the acid on the most beautiful woman in Fiddler's. It had run between him and Pansy Molloy in an honest endeavour to ward off the attack.

Pansy Molloy had come to the Gap nearly a year before to earn a livelihood as a teacher of music and voice-culture. And the Gap had responded magnificently to her appeal for pupils. Women with the song passion in their hearts surrendered themselves to Pansy at two pounds a term. Steve Carter, whose voice had grown hard through yelping at cows on the far horizon, became her star prodigy.

Under Pansy's tuition his throat muscles grew soft and flexible until he could call for drinks without exciting the wrath of the prohibition party in the next town. It was hinted that if the male population of Fiddler's had refrained separately from asking Pansy to marry them, Barge Hennessy might have gone elsewhere with his acid gun.

It was a deplorable incident. Pansy had left her lodgings shortly after breakfast, and was walking in the direction of Finneran's stores. At the street corner the head and shoulders of Barge Hennessy slanted into view. Pansy's scream of terror was followed by the barking of Hennessy's pup. Finneran's store hands saw a jet of acid spurt towards Pansy's face from a pistol in Barge's hand.

The second jet of acid was parried by the clever manipulation of her sunshade. The pair circled round and round the side walk, Hennessy striving to shoot his stream of poison full in her face, while Pansy, obsessed by the terror of permanent disfigurement, wielded her sunshade with spirit and desperation.

Steve Carter heard her screams; his swift arrival sent Barge to his horse at the street corner and out of view. In the briefest possible time thirteen guns and a coil of hemp were on Barge's trail. The chase took them far into the hills, under a sun that seemed to draw the last drop of moisture from each rocky hollow and crevice.

Barge Hennessy was little more than a stranger in the district, and his unprovoked attack on Miss Molloy set people wondering about her past history. His smart, handsome figure had been clearly visible as he galloped from the town with Carter and his followers in full cry.

Steve headed the lynching party, the rope coil swinging ominously from his saddle front. Since the day Miss Molloy arrived at the Gap, Steve had become her self-appointed guardian. No man or woman ventured to speak lightly of her in his presence. And it was hinted that the young cattle-raiser looked forward to the day when Pansy would listen seriously to his marriage proposal. Hitherto she had merely laughed at his passionate declaration of love and fealty.

Barge Hennessy's conduct filled him with lightning rage. In his blind haste to be at grips with the poison shooter he had stayed only an instant to gasp out a few words of comfort to the weeping Pansy at Finneran's corner.

The party halted at the head of a cañon where the scattered dwarf oaks clung tenaciously to the boulder-capped ledges and slopes. A brown eagle sailed majestically in the blue above, while Steve's throbbing eyes searched the tree-shadowed length of the cañon.

"The coyote's hidin' somewhere in heah, gentlemen. And there's plenty of timber to choose from!"

One of the party indicated a small, whitish object running towards them from the cañon. A few minutes later, Hennessy's pup came into view and circled fawningly about the little group of horsemen.

Steve Carter whistled persuasively and dismounted, the rope coil swinging from his arm.

"We bear the dog no spite, gentlemen," he said testily. "But it appears to me the critter's got a note tied to its collar!"

The dog evinced a particular regard for Steve, and remained quite still until the folded scrap of paper was unfastened from its collar. The note was addressed to Carter:

If you want to save Pansy Molloy's name, sir, you had better see me alone. There's an old white maple half-way down this defile; meet me there. I'll promise to leave my gun fifty yards from the tree (my side) if you'll do the same on yours.

BARGE HENNESSY.

Steve turned to his companions, a look of fierce scorn in his eyes.

"The coyote wants to yap and explain, boys. I'd be mighty sorry not to give him a hearing. You see . . . he addressed this letter to me!"

Steve held the note in his shut hand as though reluctant to reveal its contents. Some dissent followed his statement. "Bud" Lewis, who ran a whisky bar in Fiddler's declared that Hennessy was entitled to his choice of a tree and nothing more.

"We'll allow the jackal a south aspect if he'll quit hidin'," he added feelingly.

Steve looked puzzled and distressed.

"We mustn't forget that this affair concerns a lady. A man who shoots poison from his gun is mostly a crank. Maybe he's a button short somewhere. Anyhow, I'll see him, and if he's out for funny business we'll rush the rope over his head and get home."

Disregarding the appeals of his friends Steve entered the cañon alone, the dog scampering ahead as though following the scent of a rabbit. A heavy silence pervaded the ravine-like declivity. A few squirrels looked down from the upper ledges at the sombre-visaged man striding guardedly into the heart of the cañon. The dog yelped suddenly as it fawned before something lying in the shadow of a cactus clump some distance ahead.

Steve halted about fifty paces from a lightning-blasted maple that grew almost at right angles to the steep sides of the defile. Glancing in front, he saw a big-framed man with soft brown eyes and the mouth of a comedian sprawling on the ground. Very leisurely the six-foot length gained its feet and stood up, smiling in his direction.

"I'll see your gun on the ground, Mr. Carter, before you come a step further," he vouchsafed. "And that hangman's rope," he nodded significantly.

Steve placed his long-barrelled forty-five together with the hemp coil on the ground, and then with teeth set and muscles quivering he advanced to the lonely white maple where Hennessy was now standing.

Within five paces he halted, breathing sharply, for he knew not what desperate impulse might guide this smiling giant to some further act of madness.

Hennessy nodded at his approach, and then, with arms folded, addressed him in the pliant, basking voice of the southerner.

"You and that gang of rope rushers from the Gap appear to be travelling in the interests of a bioscope firm, Mr. Carter. You seem to have created the star part for me!"

Steve gritted his teeth.

"They'll hang you, Hennessy, without film pictures of the event. But you'll be remembered, in these parts, as the creature with the warped intelligence who shot acid into a woman's face."

Hennessy leant forward, drinking in each word, while a grin strayed about the corners of his comedian mouth.

"Why, that ain't the story at all!" he protested. "You got no mortal right to chase me on such evidence, Mr. Carter. You Gap people have been fed on too much melodrama show. You've got the habit of seizing the first rope that's handy and inventing a man's infamies while you hunt him!"

"I saw you shoot the stuff!" Steve warned him. "For heaven's sake, Hennessy, don't lie to honest eye-witnesses!"

"Honest fiddlesticks!" drawled the other. "The stuff I squirted at Pansy was a highly scented, five-dollar Chinese love potion. I guess there's no law in this country to prevent a man distilling a few pleasant courtesies to the lady of his choice."

Carter's tense drawn figure seemed to relax violently. It was as if a gust of flame had scorched him. He glanced back nervously towards the gorge-head as though expecting to hear a hoarse outbreak of laughter from his friends.

Hennessy regarded him with the pleasant familiarity of one who had created an impression.

"If I hated a woman I'd shoot her quick," he went on slowly. "I never had a grudge against Panse 'cept that our political an' domestic outlook never agreed. Anyhow, I wanted her back home because I reckoned this singing business might lead to the stage. A Chinaman in Nebraska sold me a bottle of love tonic. He said if I could scatter it over her clothes she'd come home. I gave him five dollars for the prescription and then bought a nickel-plated water-pistol to carry out the little scheme."

The sun beat into the windless cañon and stayed like the hand of a devil on Steve Carter's neck. He felt dizzy and sick, and breathed with difficulty as he addressed the limber, sun-browned Hennessy.

"I don't believe a word of your talk," he declared hoarsely. "It's the kind of stunt a man frames up when the rope's in delivery. I hope your affairs are all straight," he added sternly.

"There ain't been a crease in 'em since I left gaol, eight months ago," Hennessy confessed blandly. "A pale fat man in Wyoming criticised Pansy's singin' one night at a little concert among friends. Sheriff and posse crowded me when I had him tarred and fluffed. In the ensuing disturbance six of 'em got hurt. So they piled me into gaol to cool off."

Steve shifted uneasily.

"You've no right to follow the lady from place to place," he intimated brusquely.

Barge filled a corn-cob pipe, patted the dog affectionately, and then looked up, his face wreathed in tobacco smoke.

"Panse and me were married in Wyoming about four years ago. As aforesaid, we got adrift through political and domestic worries. There's no law in this land, young man," he continued genially, "to prevent a husband inducing his wife to return home by peaceful terms. A man has a traditional right to scent his wife's clothes without being hunted by a gang of bleating cow-traders!"

"You aimed a pistol!" Steve urged with a touch of desperation. "I've only your word that a harmless preparation was used!"

Hennessy drew a small, nickel-plated water-pistol from his pocket and tossed it in the other's direction.

"There's some of the poison still left in the chamber, Mr. Carter. Spit it on your delicate hand and bear witness!"

Steve squirted a jet of the fluid heroically on his naked hand while Barge grinned in sheer delight at the look of waiting expectancy on the other's face.

"Because Panse's been teaching you *do, ra, me, fa*, you assume the right to hang anyone who moistens her veil with an expensive perfume. I'm still looking at the hemp you brought along," he concluded with tantalizing candour.

Steve flushed darkly at the other's *sang froid*.

"I guess you've no right to be any woman's husband!" he said hotly. "If that piece of hemp had done its work Pansy might have forg.ven the lynchers!"

Hennessy became thoughtful, his long fingers pressing his lips.

"You're feeling bad over this affair, Mr. Carter. When a young fellow *do, ra, me, fa's* with another's wife his ideas are apt to run loose and large over big moral subjects."

"I'm not going back with that blanked rope!" Steve said fiercely. "I reckon one of us has got to stay in this cañon!"

Steve felt that this slow-voiced Southerner had fooled him badly. And he resented bitterly the merciless chaffing he must endure when the truth of the scent and pistol episode became known. Also the reference to his singing lessons with Pansy cut like a whip.

"My gun is twenty yards away," he went on passionately. "Yours is about the same distance. Can you shoot with lead, Barge Hennessy?"

"I hit a mule's shoe in Tennessee once, and the town presented me with a pewter beer can. You've got a notion, Mr. Carter?"

Steve breathed sharply.

"S'pose we race for our guns, and shoot at sight? It might save a lot of explaining to the people at Fiddler's."

Hennessy brightened as one who had been offered sundry refreshments.

"You're a cold-blooded fighting man, Mr. Carter. It pains me to have mentioned the *do, ra, me, fa*."

"You'll race for your gun, anyhow!" Steve flashed. "And you can hurry all you know because my bullet won't wait for you, Barge."

Hennessy's soft eyes traversed the stone-strewn space that separated the two revolvers. His own lay on top of a grey boulder where he had left it. Carter's weapon was visible also. And Barge saw in a flash that he and Steve were at even distances from their weapons. He paused an instant to imbibe the sunlit air in big gusts, and each inhalation seemed charged with the memories of his past. In the brief exchange of glances he saw that Steve was ten years his junior, a raw and rather nervy youngster swayed and driven by conflicting impulses and emotions. Barge's survey ended in a wry grin.

"I used to run a hundred yards in a bit over ten seconds," he declared sadly. "So . . . if you're ready, Mr. Carter, we'll get to our guns!"

Steve turned with his legs wide apart, fists and teeth clenched for the coming life and death race. Yet every slant and every pose of his youthful limbs revealed the woefully inexperienced sprinter. Capable of subduing the wildest broncho, or riding neck and neck in a stampeding cattle herd, he scanned rather wildly the stone-strewn space that lay between him and his forty-five.

One, two, THREE!"

Hennessy's slouching pose was gone instantly. His long, lithe frame seemed to hurtle from the line he had drawn, while his sinewy legs carried him in giant leaps to the grey boulder where his revolver lay.

Carter's start was an example of misjudgment and lack of training. He dared not look back at his flying adversary. Instinct strong as life warned him that, as a sprinter, he was hopelessly outclassed. His heart and brain reeled with each stride, while his saddle-hardened legs seemed peculiarly unfitted for foot racing. And as he blundered wildly along the stony floor of the cañon his senses throbbed and waited for the life-smashing impact of the other's bullet.

The continued silence invested him with a wild hope that Hennessy had slipped and lost ground. Something had happened. With sweat streaming like blood from his brow and throat, he flung himself near the tree bole, his fingers grabbing his revolver. He turned on his chest, the shaking weapon levelled down the narrow defile.

Hennessy was seated on the grey boulder, both long arms encircling his updrawn knees. His face wore a look of unutterable boredom. In pose and expression he appeared like one who had waited long years for things to happen for while Steve's chest laboured almost frantically from the effects of his short life-and-death run, Hennessy betrayed only a *blasé* look of weariness and disgust.

"Blamed if I thought you'd get there before sunset, Mr. Carter!" he declared with mild annoyance. "You're carrying a load of sorrow in your boots. Sure!"

A shadow slanted suddenly from the overhanging dwarf oaks. Miss Molloy's white, daintily clad figure stepped cautiously down a narrow bridle track and halted some distance from the disconsolate Barge. Her swift glance went out to Steve Carter crouching near the tree bole, the shaking revolver still in his hand. Her cheek paled.

"Please don't shoot him, Mr. Carter. No one that I can remember ever took him seriously!"

Barge regarded her trim white figure with an approving smile.

"If he'd run a bit faster, Panse, I might have killed him. I've been watchin' him trying to get that gun for the last half-hour. Sure!"

Steve sprawled face down near the tree hole, staring blindly at the woman who had come so suddenly between them. She was standing only a few feet from where Barge sat, his chin now resting in his big palm. In spite of his passion-wrought feelings Carter realised something of Hennessy's unassailable good humour, a humour that made him impregnable against taunt or challenge.

Steve sprawled face down near the tree hole, staring blindly at the woman who had come so suddenly between them.—

Higher up her pony nibbled contentedly, the clink of its bit and bridle being plainly audible to both men in the cañon below.

Almost imperceptibly she stole nearer Barge as though impelled by an overwhelming curiosity to fathom his brooding thoughts.

"The people in Fiddler's are talking about the stuff you showered on me this morning, Barge. They are calling it by a nasty name!"

"Was it nasty Panse?"

Her lips tightened at the question, while her grey eyes seemed to become suddenly molten.

"I don't think it did much harm except that I've been inhaling the scent of clematis and mimosa since I started to catch up with the lynchers," she vouchsafed with a tremor of the lips. "Did it contain poison, Barge?"

Hennessy raised his head, and she saw a sudden furrow on the sun-browned cheek, an odd look of pain that seemed to struggle about the corners of his comedian mouth.

"The only poison it had, Panse, was the memory of that clematis and mimosa. I guess you don't remember?"

The woman did not answer immediately. Her mind had leapt back to a russet-eaved cottage in Maryland, a tiny oak porch where the warm scent of mimosa drifted through the open window, and the sound of his home-coming voice was heard in the lush blue grass of the meadows beyond. The swiftly conjured up picture touched her like steel. Yet a short month ago her past life with this man had seemed so remote. They had quarrelled fiercely, unforgivingly. She had sworn never to see him again. And there had come the bitter news of his incarceration in the Wyoming penitentiary still further to harden her resolve.

His hands were outspread mechanically, and she was dimly conscious that he was speaking.

"... And if that feller had shut his mouth the night you were singin', Panse, I should have saved money enough to buy another cottage at Fall Point instead of scrubbing the floors of gaol. Anyhow I guess the gaol was never built that would take the badness out of me!"

—She was standing only a few feet from where Barge sat, his chin now resting in his big palm.

She listened pensively, her fingers plucking insensibly at a thorn bush beside her. Barge's chin relapsed into his palm, and the slanting sunrays gleamed for an instant on the slim revolver barrel at his feet.

"A Chinaman asked me why I didn't follow and make you come home. I said there was nothing on earth that would bring you to me again. He asked me about our cottage at Fall Point, and he became mighty inquisitive concernin' the flowers that grew in our garden and porch. Then he mixed me a bottle of scent, and advised me to deliver it to you somehow, no matter how. I knew you'd throw it into the creek if I mailed it, so I thought of the water-pistol, and travelled a heap of territory to deliver it. And just because the notion's a bit unorthodox, Panse, a lot of cow-punchers want to string me up!"

She winced as though the ungloved hand had suddenly touched the thorns beside her.

Yet her voice grew wonderfully steady as she looked down again at his bent shoulders.

"Have you ever done a thing seriously in your whole life, Barge, one single thing?"

"Never," he answered slowly. "And I hope I never will, Panse. I'd have pilled that guy over there a minute ago ef I'd had a streak of seriousness in me!"

"You beat that Tennesse man because he hinted that my voice required a lot more training, Barge. You were serious then!"

"I've been in gaol since," he answered with a grin. "It cured me."

Her eyes clouded instantly; the lips which had evinced a desire to smile grew almost white.

"If I leave you here those men at the gorge head will hang you, Barge, in spite of the mimosa and the clematis. Nothing will ever make them believe your story."

"If you go they can have me," he answered slowly. "Life's no good after a man loses the power to smile, Panse. Anyhow, I guess *you'd* better be moving."

He rose somewhat stiffly from the grey boulder, and walked some distance down the gorge. The sound of her quick footsteps in his rear swung him round sharply.

"Those lynchers will be talking about you, Panse." There was a suggestive sternness in his manner. "After all I was mostly a tenderfoot to take the Chinaman seriously. You've got too much woman sense for that kind of thing!"

Her fingers touched his wrist as he turned again.

"I think that Chinaman knew something of women, Barge, when he sent you to me with memories of our Maryland days. Shall we go back again to that old worm-eaten porch and mimosa?"

Hennessy drew himself up, his right hand shielding his eyes from the burning sun. Then he turned and called to the dog in a voice that had lost its drawling note. He experienced the tender clasp of her arm as he blundered to where his horse was tethered in the shadow of the pines.

"I guess you know what you're doing, Panse," he said huskily.

"If it will only make you serious I'll come," she almost whispered. "That—that clematis and mimosa has made me homesick. Sure!"

The sudden clatter of hoofs turned them sharply. Steve Carter had gained his saddle, and was riding with head bent forward to join his waiting friends at the cañon entrance.

Hennessy sighed as he stooped to kiss the trembling woman beside him.

"Blamed if Steve hasn't forgotten the rope!" he declared with emphasis.

WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

A low white house with gabled roof,
  Upon a pine-clad hill;
Geraniums flowering, pink and white,
  On porch and window-sill.
A fair green lawn where lilacs bloom,
  And golden sunbeams play—
And that's the bit of England that
  I'm fighting for to-day.

A slender girl with auburn hair,
  And wistful eyes of brown,
Who flits about the sunlit rooms
  In green or lilac gown;
Who keeps the home-fires burning bright
  While I am far away—
And that's the bonny English girl
  I'm fighting for to-day.

Dorothy Rose.

A CHANGE OF AIR.

By Lesbia Robinson.

Holidays on the Exchange System Illustrated by Leading Humorous Artists.

"Fetching the Sunday Dinner"—an incident of the Duchess' stay in the East-End, depicted by Mr. Reg. F. Smith.

Taken altogether there is a great lack of originality displayed by most people in the matter of holidays. Year after year they go to the same seaside place, eat ices at the same *café*, and are done with increasing thoroughness by the same landlady. This year, with the fingers of the tax collectors at our purse strings, and economy posters blaring at every street corner, a good many worthy folk will spend their holidays at home unless some enterprising spirit arises to propound an inexpensive method of obtaining a change of air.

Mr. Bert Thomas portrays the amazement of the West-End milkman at the charlady's request for a "a'porth of milk."

Probably the least costly way would be to organise a kind of General Post, by which various families would exchange houses, and so obtain at least a change of surroundings. For the arrangement to be really satisfactory rich and poor would have to combine, since for Mrs. Posh, the charlady, to exchange the perfumes of Poplar for the still more pungent odours of Soho, would bring refreshment neither to mind nor body. There would have to be a good deal of "give and take," "give" on the part of the wealthy, and "take" on the part of the poor, an arrangement sure to be appreciated by the latter.

For instance, the Countess of Clematis might, out of the kindness of her heart, place her mansion in Belgravia at the disposal of Mrs. Posh of Poplar, and seek undoubted change of air in the three rooms over a fried fish shop which usually enshrined the Posh family.

Mrs. Posh would dwell in marble halls with servants to minister to her, and housekeeping reduced to the simplicity of the days of that favoured race who were fed with manna from Heaven. The Countess meanwhile would be leading the simple life, and finding occupation in toasting her own

kippers, and excitement in dressing without the help of her maid.

Even in these democratic days the servants would probably be rather averse from such an arrangement, and might have to be conciliated. The Countess' butler, used to mixing only with the oldest vintages, would probably swoon if asked for a bottle of stout, and her cook would "down" frying-pan rather than yield to the Posh family's request for sausages and mashed. It is just possible, however, that faced with the alternative of pollution in the East End she might consent to look after Mrs. Posh's material wants, with the air of an ambassador supplying a street urchin with cigarette pictures.

Sometimes the experiment proves a dismal failure, as in the case of Mrs. Lather, a worthy washerwoman who found herself transplanted from a dog-kennel of a house in Camberwell to the debonair residence of the Hon. Mrs. Gadabout in a select part of Kensington.

From the time she set foot on the tiger-skins in the hall to the moment when she quailed before the splendour of an inlaid bedstead and pink satin eiderdown, Mrs. Lather lived in a state of feverish agitation that bade fair to rend her jet-trimmed bodice asunder. She would no more have ventured to enter the bed than to intrude into the vaults of the Bank of England. The good lady spent that night and all subsequent ones on the sofa, with a newspaper spread over her pillow lest its embroidered fairness should be contaminated by her grizzled locks.

"Hints on Managing Husbands"—Mr. Cottington Taylor believes that the lady of fashion may obtain valuable tips from her sojourn among the poor.

Mrs. Gadabout's servants were kindly souls, upon whom the washerwoman's simple good nature was not lost. The cook sent up bloaters for her breakfast and demeaned herself to the extent of tripe and onions for dinner. The housemaid forebore to snigger at her pink flannel nightgown, and the over-age chauffeur adhered faithfully to the daily programme drawn up by his mistress in the matter of sight-seeing, and, moreover, respected Mrs. Lather's prejudices in the matter of speed.

The Earl who changes houses with a munition worker might take over his duties, in which case the Countess could take his dinner to the works as suggested by Mr. Starr Wood.

Still the good lady languished. The lack of occupation filled her with dismay; the novelty of sitting with her hands folded in her lap soon began to pall; she ached for the smell of soapsuds and the homely creak of the mangle.

It was a Monday morning when she finally broke out.

"Making Hay while the Sun Shines"—the first act of an unscrupulous lady who exchanges Wapping for Belgravia, illustrated by Mr. Alfred Leete.

Somewhere about five o'clock she stole downstairs, seized the basket of dirty clothes which stood awaiting the arrival of the laundryman, and bore it in triumph below stairs. Then, having lighted the fire, she dealt summarily with the soiled linen, and peace came to her soul.

Celia, the head housemaid, first saw the astonishing sight when she rescued the paper from the front doorstep. The Kensington maisonette boasted no back garden, but not to be done, Mrs. Lather had stretched a clothesline across the narrow strip in front of the house. There, in full view of the neighbours and passers-by, the clothes of the house of Gadabout swung merrily in the morning breeze.

When the cook had recovered from her faint, and the butler, greatly protesting, had removed the offending garments, they sought out the culprit. But Mrs. Lather was beyond their wrath. The smell of soapsuds was to her as the smell of sawdust in the nostrils of the circus rider; she was already in a Camberwell 'bus, a bag of shrimps in her hand, and the smile of one who has accomplished great things on her beaming face. As for Mrs. Gadabout, she showed no undue reluctance to quit Camberwell for Kensington, but accepted her fate with a graciousness that augured no great love for her humble surroundings.

Mr. Thomas Henry is of opinion that the *elite* of Mayfair will require respirators if they are to face the odours of third floor backs.

Men · Who Make · Us · Laugh ·

By Margaret Chute.

Photo Foulsham & Banfield

Mr. George Graves makes a most imposing "dame," and pantomime goers all over England have rejoiced in his antics.

MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

The humour of George Graves is spontaneous and irresistible, reducing even his fellow actors to a state of helpless amusement. This bouquet of typical anecdotes explains the wonderful popularity enjoyed by this famous comedian.

Not content with reducing audiences to a state of pulp through excessive laughter, George Graves has a similar effect on his stage companions, seen and unseen. When he is on the stage, clasping his cheek with one hand while the other supports his elbow, jerking spasmodically a few steps forward or back with a straight knee, while he fires off a series of side-splitting gags, George Graves is in his element.

Night after night he renders actors and actresses speechless with laughter, while loud guffaws may be heard proceeding from the wings. When George Graves is at his best, and that is his general state, the musical director may be seen with a broad grin, while the orchestra men, most solemn-faced souls as a rule, thaw into loud laughter, and even stand up, craning their necks to behold George Graves at his deadly work.

All of which goes to prove that this versatile comedian, who is equally at home in musical comedy, music-hall sketches, revues, or pantomime, is really spontaneous in his joke-making. For it is only genuinely spontaneous laughter-makers who cause mirth on the part of their companions, for these lucky people listen to their jokes eight times a week. So the man who can make his fellow-players smile must be a truly great humourist.

Because he appears behind the footlights, as a rule, disguised as an elderly *roué*, and wearing various wig-paste additions to the nose given him by Nature, people imagine George Graves is quite an elderly, ugly man. And he is neither elderly nor ugly. In fact, in private life, he is a singularly smart specimen of the average man-about-town—far removed from the red-nosed personages he impersonates with so much skill.

His first real success in London was made

about thirteen years ago in *The Schoolgirl*, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in which Edna May gave such a charming performance of the name part. Coming to the Mecca of all grease-paint folk—London, after many years of struggling and striving in the provinces without advancement or recognition, George Graves made good at once. He has stuck to London almost entirely since then, with the exception of a few music-hall and special pantomime engagements.

Foremost in the gallery of his stage portraits stand his excellent performances of Coquenard in *Veronique*, General des Effs in *The Little Michus*, and General Popoff in the famous *Merry Widow* at Dalv's Theatre. In this production he first met Joseph Coyne, a laughter-maker from across the herring-pond, with whom he played again recently in that popular revue, *Watch Your Step*, at the Empire.

Isn't it strange that so many of our big humorists have been called George? George Du Maurier, George Grossmith (senior and junior), George Robey, George (G. P.) Huntley, George Formby, George Morart—and George Graves. Perhaps there is some magic, laughter-inspiring quality in that typically English name.

As a gagger George Graves stands alone. His inventions in this respect are weird and wonderful, and he confesses that he doesn't know where his ideas come from. He seldom thinks out an idea—it just springs into his mind, and, hey presto! he has said it! One of his most famous inventions was that amazing creature, the Gazecka—a conglomeration of fur and skin, with a large head, and a marked desire to walk backwards.

Now the Gazecka, invented in an idle moment by George Graves, became part of the natural history of England. It was a really scientific beast, worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Graves admits that he was studying the rather moth-eaten fur on his stage uniform, and suddenly thought of the word Gazecka—for no explainable reason. The combination of fur and the quaint word brought a strange little animal into his mind, and before he knew what had happened he was talking gaily about the Gazecka as though he had known it all his life!

Photo "Tantum & Bevan"

As the Duchess of Cornwall in *Pell-Mell* at Drury Lane, George Graves made an enormous success.

Mr. [illegible]

He began by [illegible] sentences to this creature, and finished up by talking about the Gazeeka [illegible] but only twenty minutes such was the popularity of the [illegible] wretch. And in a few weeks England was flooded with drawings of the Gazeeka, Gazeeka lucky charms, Gazeeka [illegible] dolls—while George Graves just chuckled, and went on gazing gaily.

This weird word he invented in the twinkling of an eye on the inspiration of a moment. He has used it innumerable times behind the footlights, and now it has a [illegible] part of our language. Recalling the Gazeeka came Herr Von Hun who caused a [illegible] of laughter in Zoo Music Hall days. Apparently George Graves cannot get along without animals of some sort—real or imaginary—for in his first revue part, in *Watch Your Step*, he introduced the oddest mongrel dog, called Fred, to the general public; while in the last Drury Lane pantomime he appeared in company with many dogs.

Now, Fred was rather a character. George Graves advertised for a dog as follows:

WANTED, a mongrel of eccentric appearance, long body preferred. Must be in good health and house broken. Apply with Dog, Empire Theatre, Stage Door.

Hundreds of dogs—oceans of dogs applied; for hours George Graves and the entire Empire staff strove with dogs and the owners of those dogs. At length the rejected many departed, and the possible few remained. Then photographers got busy, and Mr. Graves was photographed with many amazing mongrels. From the bunch he finally picked Fred—and Fred went merrily through the long run of *Watch Your Step*.

He was singularly unintelligent, so Mr. Graves declares, but he had one great stunt. It was only necessary to murmur "Sit down, Fred," and Fred sat down instantly. In choosing him, Mr. Graves remarked:

"He's got a future before him, that dog has—sit down, Fred!"—and Fred obeyed, and was engaged on the spot.

On the stage, apart from his work as a comedian, George Graves is the most inveterate practical joker, and spends his time thinking out new ways to catch his friends. His dressing-room is a positive minefield of surprises. The unwary visitor sits on a cushion which bounces up and sends him flying, or collapses in the most unexpected fashion. Somebody is cordially invited to hang hat and coat on a row of empty hooks—Mr. Graves is a most punctilious host—and on doing so the hooks shut up as they are touched, and the visitor's clothes descend hurriedly. The visitor, imagining he has missed the hook, tries again, and sometimes again, until the twinkle in George Graves' eye gives the game away.

Another joke of this inexhaustible funny man is to offer a guest a box of cigars—from which not a solitary smoke can be removed! Having apologised profusely for his mistake, Mr. Graves

Photo [illegible] Lambert & Mansfield.

—appearing as a picturesque gentleman called Ebenezer Hardup.

produces his own cigarette case, proffers a genuine cigarette, and then hands his victim a box of matches with great calmness. Talking cheerily, the victim draws match after match along the box, wondering when he will get a light—and at last realises that the practical joker has scored again with another clever fake.

A drink that will not allow itself to be imbibed, or else descends in a sudden cascade down somebody's shirt front, is another joy, and so is a miniature telescope, through which one is asked to look at something. And when the man who looks leaves Mr. Graves he is the unconscious owner of a healthy black eye, for the spy-glass is blackened all round the edge.

As a stage-auctioneer Mr. Graves holds premier place; he has auctioned innumerable things over the footlights, from a donkey to a Pekingese spaniel. For Mike, the winner of the Donkey's Derby, he secured £78 5s., and remarked that he had seen many a stage donkey go off worse! For a Pekingese he got £75, and has auctioned pictures, dresses, and theatre boxes with vast success.

As a "dame" Mr. Graves has proved very popular in pantomimes all over England. His most successful female creation was certainly the "Flapper" in *Puss in Boots* at Drury Lane last year. His make-up was really wonderful, and, judging from his appearance in this disguise, it is easy to believe the following story:

Because of his stage [illegible] George Graves is elderly and [illegible]

In a provincial pantomime Mr. Graves appeared as a young girl, and one night a friend told him that a man in the stalls—who had not got a programme—had fallen in love with the supposed "girl." The friend had wickedly promised to get "her" to come to tea, so George Graves, entering into the joke, put on his stage clothes, wig, and a thick veil one afternoon and actually walked through the streets to his friend's rooms.

Photo Fenlason & Dowland.

Here he had tea, under the admiring glances of his admirer, taking care not to lift his veil too high, and finally repaired back to the theatre in time to dress for the show. As he was unlocking his dressing-room door the stage-door keeper, who had never seen Mr. Graves in his stage clothes, rushed out and said:

"You can't go in there, young woman! That's Mr. Graves' room—come out of it!"

Throwing back his veil, the comedian remarked in deep bass tones:

"I *am* George Graves!"

THE LOST SUBALTERN

By E. A. Morphy.

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from
the ends of the earth!"

I.

The girl was very nice-looking, and she was going out alone. So was Tony Stapleton. That was probably why she took him under her wing ten minutes after he boarded the P. & O. liner at Marseilles.

She was four years his junior, but infinitely wiser, because she had already spent two years in India, whereas Tony was on his first voyage to the East.

He was also—though he knew it not—as patently a subaltern as though his rank was labelled on him from his hat to his boots. Therefore, she engineered the conversation so that his identity might be established without delay.

"I suppose you'll have friends to meet you in Bombay?" she suggested as a sequel to his confession of inexperience.

"Only one," said he frankly. "And as he's a native I'm afraid he's nobody that you would be likely to know!"

Stapleton knew all about the social differences of race that obtain in the Land of Vain Regrets, but he winced at her expression of disappointment.

"But he's a great man, and an old friend of my father's!" he added loyally. "He's coming all the way from the Frontier to meet me, just because I am my father's son."

The girl looked more interested.

"He's a fellow called Khudadad Khan," proceeded the subaltern, "a Subadar——"

"Oh!"

The girl interrupted him with an exclamation of astonishment and delight.

"Khudadad Khan!" she repeated. "Why that's father's Subadar Major! He's the bravest man in the whole Army!"

"That's him!" laughed Stapleton.

And that was how the Old Colonel's son and the New Colonel's daughter met.

Romances run smoothly and swiftly under the glittering starlight of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, but at Bombay came a rift in Tony's. The long-expected war had already broken out on the Frontier; Khudadad and the regiment were already in the Hills. The subaltern's heaven-sent opportunity of seeing active service had melted into thin air; the castle of his dreams collapsed.

The girl was standing beside him as he opened the fateful dispatch. She saw his lips quiver as he read its contents to her.

"I am so sorry!" said she quietly.

Their eyes met. The look in hers was all for him. There was no hint of the grief that was her own—the father gone with his regiment from Peshawar. She knew as well as Tony did that it was the subaltern's heart's desire to be at the Colonel's side, and to achieve great laurels, because she was the Colonel's daughter.

For one melancholy instant the purple glory of the Gate of India seemed to mock at Stapleton across the turquoise mirror of the bay. Then a vision splendid seized him—a resolve impossible, fatuous, and inane. He would ferret his own way across the Frontier and into the Forbidden Hills beyond the Border! He would find his regiment and prove to her father that he was a soldier and a man.

Three days later they were threshing out the mystery in every club and mess from Jamrud to Trincomalee. General Stapleton's son had come out from home to join his father's old regiment, but had been spirited off the face of the earth. He had failed to report at headquarters though he was known to have reached Bombay. Since he left the launch at the Ballard Pier every trace of him was lost.

Only one person in India suspected that no sordid tragedy of suicide or murder lay behind the baffling mystery, and that person kept her suspicions to herself.

II.

Everything was absolutely new to Stapleton, but everything seemed perfectly familiar.

Around and about him, above and below, were grey-brown rocks, the colour of his khaki uniform. Here and there broad patches of crag shone, black but glittering, as though shallow water were trickling over jet. Stapleton was not deceived by the optical illusion. He knew there was not trickling water enough at any point within a league of where he marched to damp the wing of a fly.

It was nearing the end of the day. Through a gap in the ridges beyond him his eye caught a glimpse of the Hindu Khush snow peaks silhouetted like ghosts of dead opals against the darkening sapphire of the sky.

"Yes," he reflected quietly, "this is the country of Khudadad Khan. I can see it all again just as father told me; it was under that ridge with the double hump that they first fought each other, before Khudadad joined the regiment. I wonder, is the sangar there still!"

He halted to look for traces of the breastwork of rocks that had been the hub of that old-time Frontier fight. No vestige of it was visible. Everything was lonely and still as death.

"I wish," murmured the subaltern soulfully, "that old Khudadad would come toddling along just now and show me the way to the column!"

He marched on again with a lighter heart. There was something "homey" and of good omen in this proximity to his father's past and the great achievements the episode of that spot preluded.

"Thud! Thump! Thud!"

Faint and far away echoed the boom of distant guns.

Stapleton's face lighted up joyously.

"The guns, too!" he exclaimed, "just as father heard them!"

"Zip-p!"

A button vanished as if by magic from the breast of his tunic. Soft as the click of a pebble dislodged by the scurry of a fly-hunting lizard, something flipped against the rock wall on his right. In the dusty brown of the granite suddenly gleamed a splash of white. In the centre of the white splash stuck a gleaming speckle of lead.

Stapleton dropped flat on his stomach. From a crevice in the rocks on the ridge that walled the opposite side of the valley, a bluey white puff of smoke rose gently upwards. Simultaneously — flopping lazily in their fresh alarm—a carrion-sated flock of vultures rose from their feast on a dead camel.

"The blighted bounder!" chuckled Stapleton cheerily. But he knew that he was "spotted"—that it was no longer for him a safe promenade through the Afridi country—that, in effect, he was in a tight place.

He peeped carefully across the valley. The fading smoke-puff seemed scarcely two hundred yards away, but he knew that the distance was nearer half-a-mile, and that it would take a long time for even a tribesman to climb across the rock-strewn space that intervened.

Just ahead of where he lay a whitish rock stuck up on the outer side of the pass. The sniper, he knew, must have taken his range by that rock. Only his sudden halt at the boom of the guns had saved him.

Very cautiously, so as to raise no betraying dust, he wriggled forward past the sniper's range mark. Then jumping up quickly he scudded for the bend of the pass in front.

"Zip-p!"

Another bullet struck the rock. This time it was behind him.

A fresh puff of smoke rose from the same cleft as the first.

"There's only one sniper!" reflected the subaltern. "It will take him ten seconds at best to load and sight again. I can beat that!"

Revolver in hand, lest other exigencies of war should be encountered around the corner, Stapleton won the bend and doubled into shelter.

Like a semi-visible streak of tape, the pass wound its way around the spur on which he stood and then across the head of the valley and behind another spur that projected from the north-west. But its meanderings did not immediately concern him, save insomuch as they had served to delay the advance of the army. He was taking short cuts, dodging the sniper, whom he knew full well would be in pursuit.

The fading day was on his side. If he kept far enough ahead of his hunter to be out of earshot, darkness would assist his escape. Meanwhile, having only a sword and a revolver, he was at a hopeless disadvantage against any wily stalker with a gun.

Across the rock-strewn valley on his left rose a ridge that was forbidding in its difficulties, but it afforded plenty of cover among the rocks, and the hillman, he knew, is a bad marksman at a moving target. If he could win across and reach the crest of that ridge by nightfall he would be safe. Beyond its crest, and not too far away, would be the outer pickets of the column he was seeking, and the sniper would probably give the place a wide berth.

Running at his best until he reached a place

where a descent from the pass seemed humanly practicable, he let himself quickly over the side and half-climbed, half-slithered down the precipice. Through his glasses he had spotted a likely climbing place on the opposite ridge, and for it he ran, jumped, and scurried as best he could across rocks and boulders.

The ten seconds' start saved him.

Faint and musical a shout echoed far behind him. He turned. A puff of smoke whiffed up from the point of the spur; a couple of yards to his left the granite showed a scratch of white.

Stapleton ducked instinctively—ages too late for any military purpose—and leapt onwards.

Another shot echoed behind him.

Stapleton threw up his hands and staggered, then tumbled headlong over the rock he had been crossing. He dropped softly on all fours, grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

"There!" he chortled. "I think that will fetch the blighter! He was getting too close with his shots!"

Then he crouched, still as a rat, listening attentively, his revolver ready in his hand.

Leaping like an antelope from rock to rock, the hawk-faced Borderer hurried on his stricken prey. He had already observed that the quarry carried no rifle, and therefore was not of such supreme value to him as would have been a mere private. Withal there was a sword and other good loot for the gathering. Splendid in the pride of conquest and savagery, the hillman bounded through the golden glamour of the sunset.

"*Ai!*" Here the Kaffir fell!

He peered forward, joyously triumphant.

There was a subdued crackle that he never heard; a tiny wisp of blue smoke died over the edge of a boulder. The Afridi sank gently forward, a hole through the left temple, a greater gap where the bullet burst through skull and turban behind and above his right ear.

Stapleton crept back cautiously to view his work. The man was, beyond all peradventure, dead.

Up he sprang again and hurried for a place that looked like a goat path. It was a brave race against time, but he struggled gamely. Darkness had fallen by the time he reached the top, and huddled down in a cranny of the rocks to shelter himself from the biting wind. Then he finished the grub in his haversack, took a pull at his water-bottle, and settled down to his dreams.

III.

"*Salaam*, Sahib!"

Stapleton awoke with a start and snatched for his revolver. It was midnight. The moon was high in the sky.

"Nay, Sahib! Do not stand up. Men are watching for the skyline! Allah be praised that he hath gladdened the eyes of his servant! Thou art thy Father's son!"

Lying prone on a rock, facing Stapleton in his cranny, lay a bearded veteran in the uniform of an Indian officer. There could be no mistaking those piercing eyes, or the hawk-like nose, or the million wrinkles that hid the scars on the face of the warrior Pathan.

"Khudadad Khan!" cried the subaltern joyfully. "How did you find me? How did you know I had come?"

The Subadar Major pursed his lips and shook his head in a wary gesture of warning.

"Be still, Sahib!" he whispered hoarsely. "Do not move until I tell thee."

He shrank closer to his rock as he spoke.

"How did I know?" he then repeated, gazing strangely at Stapleton. "Is not this mine own country, Sahib? Was it not thine own father's prayer that I should guide thee safe in the first footsteps of war? How could I fail to find thee, Sahib?"

Stapleton felt queer. There was something inexplicably uncanny about the ways of Frontier warfare that seemed to strike him chill.

"I am glad we meet, Khudadad Khan!" he whispered in a low tone. "My father's last words in England were to give his *salaams* to you. I am glad I have come up with the column. Am I in time for a fight?"

The green eyes of the Subadar Major gleamed fitfully.

"Aye, Sahib! Do you not hear it?"

Stapleton listened and realised that—though he had not noticed it in the surprise of his awakening—the desultory cackle of independent firing was fretting the stillness of the night near by.

"We must hurry, Sahib, but we must creep like snakes. The fight is below and there are many dead. Crawl after me until we pass the skyline."

He glided off his rock, noiseless as a shadow, and Stapleton followed him as deftly as he could.

Below them, on the side facing northward, stretched a moonlit plain, above which the square towers of three walled villages rose gaunt and ghost-like above their shadows. Nearer than any of these villages, and on a low projecting spur of the ridge whence they were watching events, was a smaller tower at one corner of an enclosure of its own.

Around this small tower spattered the irregular but incessant snapping of *jezails* and rifles.

Stapleton guessed the difficulty.

"They have surrounded a picket of ours?" he hazarded.

Khudadad Khan looked preternaturally grave for a man who had revelled in combat all his lifetime, and paused in a manner that made Stapleton feel uneasy before offering any reply.

"It was more than a picket, Sahib," he explained slowly. "There were two parties of us—one of British, one of Pathans. Some thousands of the Kaffirs surprised us in the darkness, and so we had to fight. It was a noble fight, Sahib! Eight of us cut through to that tower. Two of us carried the Colonel. Three of us and the Colonel now are left!"

He spoke simply, but with a gusto of loving memory that did much to re-encourage Stapleton.

"How came you here, Khudadad?" asked the latter. "The place is circled round about."

"I came for help, Sahib! Unless help arrives by dawn the dogs will see our weakness and rush the place at the first streak of light. I know these hills and these peoples. My task is to summon the column. But the guns will be here before dawn! It is the will of God!"

The Pathan paused and looked significantly at Stapleton.

"If the Sahib hastens to the support of the beleaguered ones," he went on, "he will be as a lion among jackals! They are defending the place with a garrison of three corpses and four wounded men."

Khudadad Khan kept looking shrewdly at Stapleton. The youngster had drawn a sharp breath at the dispassionate suggestion of the Subadar Major that he should go forward alone.

"You think we can cut through, Khudadad?" he queried, bracing himself to what he knew would be a forlorn hope but a proper endeavour.

"The son of Ee-Stapleton Sahib will, of course, cut through!" replied the Native. "His Colonel lies there stricken and sore pressed. If the Sahib fail——! Well, Allah hath given men worse ways to die!"

"His" Colonel! "Her" father!

Stapleton felt his heart throb bravely in his breast. Of a truth had come to him, quickly, the best of high adventures. But why did Khudadad thus impersonally leave him all the glory? Did not he, too, intend to fight?

The Subadar seemed to read his thoughts before he formed them.

"Get out thy revolver, Sahib!" said he. "The bulk of the Kaffirs who assailed us have gone to join the main army against our column that will destroy them. Only a few score snipers now beset the tower. They suspect no enemy here in the ridge behind them. They will think that the flash of thy weapon is one of their own. Stalk each man in thy path, and shoot him from behind. The rest will be easy!"

They were working their way swiftly down among the rocks as Khudadad gave his instructions. Stapleton still wondered. Was Khudadad not going to help him in this fight?

"I shall keep close by thee, Sahib, but I can do no more!"

He nodded significantly to his right.

"This shoulder is shattered, Sahib, the left wrist is shot through. I have no more use for pistol or sword. That is why I do not stay to help in the defence. It is my task to summon the guns and save the survivors!"

Stapleton gasped. He had gravely misunderstood.

"Beg pardon, Khudadad Khan!" he blurted hurriedly. "I had no idea——"

"Hush, Sahib!" interrupted Khudadad in a fierce whisper. "There is a Kaffir! Shoot him!"

Twenty yards below them, from a natural breastwork of rock spurted a jet of flame. A dirty white figure, leaning out cautiously, peered after the invisible bullet.

"Shoot him!" repeated Khudadad.

Stapleton shook his head.

"Nearer," he whispered back. He was not sure of his marksmanship in the dark.

On they crept, very softly.

The sniper leant out and again took aim and fired at the nearest upper window of the tower. Not seven paces behind him, Stapleton balanced his arm on a rock and pulled the trigger. The hillman crumpled up limp on his breastwork. His head fell forward; the turban rolled over about his face. He lay quite still in death, but he still clenched his rifle.

Stapleton reloaded the empty chamber of the revolver and crept forward hurriedly to his victim. Khudadad Khan followed as swiftly. He was seemingly callous as a corpse to the pain of his wounds.

"Take his turban, coat and gun, Sahib! You must look like one of themselves! Hurry! here is another!"

A few yards below, in a similar shelter, crouched another sniper. He looked behind inquisitively and hailed his dead comrade. Khudadad growled some reply in a language not understood by Stapleton.

"On to him, Sahib!" he then whispered to the subaltern. "He fancies the Sahib is his brother. When he turns, shoot him."

Two bullets from the tower splashed against the rocks beside them. The three wounded men in the tower were doing their best to make a brave show. They had only the flame of Stapleton's revolver shot to guide their aim, and they did not know that he was a friend.

Stapleton was warming to the job. He slipped along swiftly to the sniper who had called. The man looked up, as Stapleton reached his rock. It took two bullets to kill him, but he made no cry.

Not a hundred yards away rose the beleaguered tower.

"We must run for it, Sahib," said Khudadad. "I will draw the fire. You must reach the gate unscathed. When that is done, I shall go about my own task, and the guns shall be here before the dawn."

Half-a-dozen Lee-Metford bullets ripped the rock on their front. The defenders were firing at another dead man.

"Up, Sahib! Follow me! Run!"

Fleet as a deer, the old Subadar Major sped into the open, and across the smooth stretch of the plain. His khaki was colorless against the dust and rock, but his shadow flickered like a black devil on the moonlit sand.

Behind him raced Stapleton, amazed at the speed of the Pathan.

A dozen shots rattled from the tower. The dust spiffed upwards in little showers as the bullets whistled among their feet.

Again, behind Stapleton, three other dirty white figures detached themselves from the encircling rocks, and scurried for the tower. They fancied that the subaltern and Khudadad were two of themselves, and they did not wish to be out-raced to the point of glory.

Khudadad pulled up in the shadow of the doorway, and called in low tones to the men inside. Stapleton barged into the shelter behind him. The snipers were no longer firing in their direction, and they were safe from the defenders overhead.

One of the snipers who had charged behind them had fallen. The second had flung himself to the earth and was wriggling forward, almost invisible against the surface of the plain. The third was still racing.

Stapleton felt the padding of the man's feet behind him. He turned, revolver in hand, to fire.

"Don't shoot, Sahib! One shot will draw all their fire! They must still think we are friends!"

The enemy flung himself in upon them with an exultant grunt of triumph.

"*Ai!*"

He saw the trick.

"Choke him, Sahib!"

Stapleton leapt on the man and gripped him by the throat.

"Hold fast, Sahib! Strangle back his cry!"

Stapleton held fiercely. The man squirmed like a cat.

"You must not let go, Sahib! Shake off his turban! Smash his head against the gate! *Ai!* Sahib, that is well done!"

Subaltern and hillman crashed to the kerb of the mud doorstep, the hillman underneath. His head hit the kerb a grazing blow and rocked forward on his chest. Stapleton, still gripping the man's brawny throat with his left hand, drew back and smote the nodding head with his right. It lolled back with a click. The green eyes grinned through half-closed lids at Stapleton. Their owner's neck was broken, the spinal cord severed.

"For God's sake, let us in!" panted Stapleton to the man inside the door. Slowly, laboriously, someone was fumbling with the beams that held it bolted within.

Like snakes in the dust two other besiegers were wriggling forward to help, as they believed, in the sapping of the tower door.

"Buck up!" urged the subaltern.

"Buck up—hell!" snarled a hoarse voice inside. "It's dark, man, and I'm standing on one leg to lift the timbers! The other is broken at the knee!"

Stapleton gulped his amazement, while Khudadad Khan crouched in the shadow watching the two crawling figures that were wriggling to reach the door. The foremost was very near.

"It's coming now!" warned the wounded man inside. "Stand by to leap in and help bar up again!"

There was the crash of a falling beam and a groan as the crippled doorman fell back on his shattered leg.

The leading stalker sprang up and rushed forward. Stapleton had already flung the dead man aside, and was ready to pass in at the door as soon as he had bidden god-speed to Khudadad.

Khudadad now spoke hurriedly.

"Quick, Sahib! Shoot!"

Stapleton turned. His revolver was ready cocked. The onconier was not three yards away when the shot took him in the throat, and he leapt forward, a heaving corpse, at the Englishman's feet.

His following comrade, who had also risen to his feet, swerved aside at this unexpected onset. Ready as a terrier, he raised his rifle

The enemy flung himself upon them with an exultant grin of triumph. . . . Stapleton leapt on the man and gripped him by the throat.

and discharged it point blank at Khudadad and the subaltern.

Stapleton felt the bullet rip along the skin of his ribs like a hot iron. He saw Khudadad wince. Then he planted three shots in the chest and stomach of the sniper. The man crumpled up over his rifle.

"Are you hit, Khudadad?"

"Nothing, Sahib! My *salaams* to thy father who was my friend!"

"Come in ye fools, and bar the gate!" rasped the wounded soldier from the darkness.

Khudadad's green eyes seemed to shine on Stapleton through the gloom as he shrank back in the shadow of the wall and glided along it like a ghost.

"Enter, Sahib! *Salaam!* I go!"

Stapleton squeezed through the doorway. He felt queerly, as if he wanted to weep.

"Give me a light, man!" called the wounded soldier. "I'll hold it so ye can bar the gate! Beg pardon, sir! I didn't know it was an officer!"

Stapleton barred the gate, and straightened the leg of the soldier. Then he heard a weary voice calling from above.

"Can anyone come up and shoot?"

He clambered up the ladder staircase as best he could in the darkness.

"That window over there, whoever you are!" said the voice. "Sher Baz has been knocked out!"

"Yes, sir!"

Stapleton crossed to where the dark figure of a Pathan sepoy lay breathing stertorously under a narrow loophole. He took up the man's rifle and pouch. From a point on the hill that he had descended with Khudadad he saw a flash of fire. A bullet rapped the wall beside his head. He aimed as near as he could at the spot, waited for the next flash, finished his aim, and fired.

"Who are you, my man?" asked the officer whom he could now vaguely distinguish through the gloom, sitting propped up in the far corner of the floor.

"Anthony Stapleton, sir; come to join."

"Good heavens, lad! You're my blessed lost subaltern! Do you know that all India is being raked to find you? How the dickens did you get here?"

IV.

Two hours passed—three.

Only two rifles now peppered back at the besieging snipers from the lone tower under the hill.

"I'm afraid, boy, we're in a tight place," said the Colonel quietly. "If Khudadad Khan only left here when you came in, he won't reach the column much before three o'clock. We'll be wiped out at five."

Stapleton took a couple more shots at an invisible sniper.

"He seemed certain he would get help in time, sir," he answered. "And he didn't appear to be romancing a bit!"

The Colonel was a brave soldier. He did not wish to dishearten the boy.

"Maybe he was right," said he. "He may have sent word by some friend. This is his country, and he left here originally at about nine o'clock. He would have had time to send somebody through."

Another half-hour passed. The Colonel slept with his head nodding on his breast. Stapleton was firing from two windows so as to pretend he was two men. He was thinking of Khudadad and The Girl, and wondering and wondering.

And then! With a joyous shout he fired blindly at the star-spangled Tirah sky.

"Wake up, sir! Wake up!" he called gently, as he touched his wounded Chief on the shoulder. "Don't you hear the guns?"

That evening Lieutenant Stapleton was summoned before the General, who sat in the tent of the wounded Colonel, and bade Stapleton relate all his story again.

The subaltern was prepared for a wigging, but he was not prepared for what happened.

The General gazed at him frigidly as he recounted all that had passed up to the time when he had bade farewell to Khudadad at the door of the tower. Then he snapped out four words that seared the brain of the subaltern:

"That is a lie!"

Stapleton blushed to the ears. He had never been called a liar in his life. He never had been a liar. But a subaltern is helpless when his General tells him that he has lied.

"What have you got to say about it?"

"I never told a lie in my life, sir—never a lie to get me out of a scrape! I'd never have got to the tower but for Khudadad Khan!"

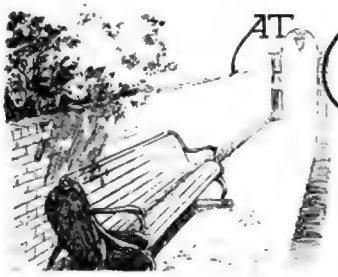
The General picked at his moustache and looked over, dubiously, at the Colonel.

"Queer things happen in this country," he muttered. "Still——"

"I don't think," submitted the Colonel quietly, "that Anthony Stapleton's son could be a liar, and I'm hanged if this boy he sent me looks or acts like one! He played the game last night!"

The General stood up and coughed.

"Sorry, my lad," said he. "I'm an old friend of your father's, but your story is beyond my ken. Khudadad Khan brought us the bad news at eleven o'clock last night. I was standing beside him when he died an hour later. This afternoon I followed him to the grave. His body never left this spot. . . . He was a great soldier!"



AT CUPID'S CORNER

By A. M. Burrage.

"For you the To-Come,
But for me the Gone-By:
You are panting to live,
I am waiting to die."

The two girls sat on the long wooden seat under the red May-tree that overhung the wall and dropped its fading blossoms upon them. They were watching the two old men on the next seat, unashamedly trying to eavesdrop and shaking with suppressed laughter.

They came there at least once every week-day, and almost invariably saw the same two old men. The latter addressed each other respectively as John and William. Edith, who could assume a gruff note or the quavering treble of age, was very good at imitating both of them.

It was Gwennie who had named the spot Cupid's Corner, and the name seemed apt enough, although few lovers ever came there. It was part of some public gardens, a quiet and secluded little enclosure, attached to the large suburban reading-room and museum. Almost next door was the local branch of a business college which Gwennie and Edith attended.

They were both young, fresh, and pretty, and delightfully ignorant. If they were confirmed gigglers their mirth was at least innocent, and bubbled up from their hearts like a clear spring. They could laugh at anything, and it must be confessed that the two old men gave them plenty of cause for merriment.

John was short and stout and rather a terrible fellow. His speech was loud and generally quarrelsome in tone. He loved argument, and always lost his temper in the course of a disagreement with William.

William was the exact opposite, a tall, frail, colourless old man who looked incapable of standing up against a breath of air. His manner was very mild and deprecatory, his speech gentle and soothing. He hated arguments, and seemed only to indulge in them to oblige his friend, to whom he invariably gave way. It was a mystery to the girls, when they troubled to reflect seriously about the two old men, how such opposite natures could contrive to endure each other. Edith's imitation of "a friendly chat between John and William" was a side-splitting performance.

Little minds are easily pleased, and the two old men provided as much amusement to the two young girls as other folk might obtain from a tour round the world. They teased each other about them. Gwennie was to marry John because she liked masterful men. Edith was to marry William because she wanted a man whom she could easily control. And meanwhile, all unconscious of a pretty pair of eavesdroppers, the two old fellows drank the air and thrashed out their politics.

That evening they left earlier than usual, because John had come out without a coat and it was getting chilly. Smiling and nudging each other, the two girls watched them go.

Edith grew suddenly grave and breathed a little sigh. Her customary half hours in the garden with Gwennie were almost over. She had just completed her training and received the offer of a secretaryship, and next morning life for her began in earnest.

"You'll have to come here by yourself and think of me," she said to Gwennie, who only laughed.

"Don't be so sad, dear. We're not going to part for ever. And you're coming down to my place for the week-end, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I shall miss Cupid's Corner. Mind you tell me all about John and William, and what they've been up to."

"Of course I will. And you shall have all the latest scandal from the College."

"Thanks," Edith laughed, "but do keep a most particular eye on my William. It would break my heart if I heard he'd been flirting with anyone."

* * *

The two girls sat on the long wooden seat under the red May-tree that overhung the wall—

After that evening Gwennie came alone to Cupid's Corner in the gaps between classes and during the long interval for lunch. She did not care for any of the other girls, and felt very lonely now that Edith was gone. Now that she had no one with whom to share her mirth there was not nearly so much fun to be derived from the two old men. Splenetic outbursts from John, mild rejoinders from William, which would have made her and Edith rock with laughter, now left her cold. Generally she brought a book with her, and after a time took little notice of them.

The year advanced into summer, and Gwennie came slowly to cease missing her friend, whom she still saw nearly every Saturday and Sunday. When she sat by herself in the gardens she dreamt of another friendship—a friendship with a man, which was really no friendship at all but went by another and a still more beautiful name. He had come into her life, radiant and splendid, the hero of all the books and all the songs. He had made hum-drum life a story-book in which she was to be heroine. Love had begun to play his old music that is ever new—to touch each note in the gamut of her heart. You, who laugh scornfully, look back into the lost Aprils and the lost Mays.

One day early in July Gwennie suddenly became aware of the fact that she had not seen John and William for nearly a week. Idly she wondered what had become of them, and thought of telling Edith when she saw her next and mentioning at the same time that they were probably at the seaside, flirting with girls on the esplanade. Cupid's Corner knew neither of the old men for another week, and then William, the mild and humble, appeared alone, looking a thought more frail and deprecatory than he had done before.

Gwennie bestowed one long glance upon him, wondered what had become of John, and went on reading her book. A minute later she was surprised to hear the thin, reedy voice of William close at hand and evidently addressing her.

"I beg your pardon. . . . Do you mind if I sit here?" A nervous little laugh.

—They were watching the two old men on the next seat, unashamedly trying to eavesdrop and shaking with suppressed laughter. (Page 252, col. 1.)

"I am very lonely, and I should like to talk to you."

Gwennie was surprised, but she tried not to show it.

"Oh, certainly," she said, and moved to allow him room. He sat down beside her very slowly and stiffly.

William, plainly nervous, was silent for a short spell.

Gwennie waited, determined that he should speak first.

"How charming the gardens are looking," he said at last. "Those roses . . . those pinks. June is a most delightful month." He paused. "Don't you miss your little friend, the young lady I used often to see you with in this garden?"

"Yes, I do, very much," Gwennie answered, "but I still see her pretty often. She is secretary to a company in Cheapside now, and doesn't come to the College any more."

"Ah! I had wondered. And so both our friends are gone, and we are rather lonely, eh?"

"Why, what has happened to the old gentleman who used to come here with you?"

"John? Poor John is dead. He died last week quite suddenly; it is very sad. Such a fine fellow! So, you see, both our friends have left us. Yours has gone to be a secretary and mine has gone to be an angel."

Gwennie felt a sting of sadness in her heart at hearing the news, and then wickedly wanted to laugh. She was sincerely sorry to hear that the poor old fellow had died, but the idea of him as an angel was a little too much for her.

"So," continued William, "as our friends have left us and we must come to the old garden by ourselves, let us talk together sometimes. I will try not to bore you. Perhaps I am a little lonelier than you. You see, I have known John nearly all my life."

"It is very sad," Gwennie murmured.

"Sad! Ah, if you had only known him as I did. Such a fine fellow! So bluff and outspoken, and yet so good-hearted and kind beneath it all. So irritable and yet with so sweet a nature. We have been together constantly for sixty-two years. He used to bully me terribly at school. Poor John! Poor John!"

"Sixty-two years!" Gwennie murmured with a kind of wonder.

"Aye, a long time. I can't realise he's gone. I still seem to hear him about the house—his voice upstairs, his footsteps in the hall. We lived together, you know. I was his companion-secretary."

"Really!"

"Aye! We suited one another very well, you know. Opposite natures usually agree. It was always so. We were at Cambridge together—dear me, dear me!—fifty-five years ago. I was a reading man, one of the quiet kind, and he was a sportsman—oh, such a fellow!—up to every kind of mischief. I can see him now, driving his dog-cart tandem along the Ely Road. I could never understand what made him like me, and yet he did, he must have done."

"And have you been together ever since?" Gwennie asked.

"Ever since, my dear. There is such a gap in my life, and when one is seventy-five

gaps are hard to fill. Aye, he was a rich man and I was poor. When we came down he asked me to live with him as his secretary, and I was glad of the chance. Even when he married I did not go. His wife died, and I was there to offer him consolation. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

"Poor wife!" Gwennie thought. And straightway she turned her fancy loose on the story she had just heard. She could well imagine how that poor dead wife had been bullied and her spirit broken. Already she thought she had divined the secret of that strange, long friendship between John and William. John's, she thought, was one of those natures that need to trample on weaker spirits. William had not only put up with being bullied for more than three score years—he had given in return a dog-like affection.

The old man sighed.

"And now they are both in Heaven. Ah, but I am quite certain he is there, he was so good. Besides, if there were any difficulty he would stand at the Gates and argue until they let him through."

Gwennie smiled. She could very well imagine that. William smiled, too, albeit rather sadly, at his gentle little jest. After a while he rose slowly and shakily on his legs.

"Good-bye, dear young lady, and thank you," said he. "I must go now. It seems chilly to me, but I am an old man, and I daresay you feel the sun still warm enough. I shall, perhaps, have the good fortune to see you to-morrow."

That night Gwennie wrote to Edith:

"I have got off with William, my dear. Don't tear my hair out when you see me.

But although she made fun of him, there was something in William that appealed to Gwennie's soft little heart. He was so gentle, so like a child that had grown old without growing up. From that day a friendship grew between them—a friendship that lasted until the time when William stepped out of his garments of clay, and thus unfettered went in search of John.

When they met it was generally of John that they spoke, and slowly Gwennie came to understand the dead man, and see the good behind the bad, even as William saw it.

It seemed that John had a son with whom he had quarrelled, and it worried William not a little to think that he should have died before a reconciliation was made.

"There were faults on both sides," he murmured—"faults on both sides. The boy was so like his father in some respects. Not in many ways, you understand, but he had spirit. And two men of spirit disagreeing—well, I leave you to guess. But it was a pity—a great pity."

Gwennie nodded sympathetically.

"I don't know what's become of the boy," William murmured. "I don't even know if he has heard of his father's death. A nice lad—almost as good a man as his dear father. The dreadful thing is that John cut the boy out of his will and left me all his money. I am a rich man, my dear, and it is like a millstone round my neck. I would far sooner the boy had it. I expect John is sorry now—I am sure he is."

After a while Gwennie came less often to the garden. A certain young man was sometimes able to slip down from the City and take her out to lunch. William, knowing what had happened, sat by himself in the garden at such times, and nodded his head, and murmured that Youth called to Youth, and that it was foolish of a very old man to be jealous of a very young one.

He said nothing on the subject to Gwennie until one September afternoon when she, removing the glove of her left hand, revealed a new ring on the engagement finger.

"I thought," he said softly, "that it was coming to that. I am an old man, and I can read signs. My dear, you are such a child—I hope you have found the right man. May an old fellow wish you every happiness?"

"Thank you," Gwennie murmured blushing—"thank you so very much. I—I am very happy."

"Ah, yes, that is good. It would be strange if you were not. But tell me about him. He is tall and handsome and good at games? And he has such a way with him? And when you walk beside him you tread on air? And you wonder why anybody in this stupid old world could be sad when you are so happy? Tell me all about him, my dear."

Gwennie, much confused and yet deliciously happy, looked down at the tips of her fingers.

"There is nothing for me to tell you," she murmured. "I am very happy. I think there is nobody like him in all the world. He is quite poor, and has his way to make in the world, so that I don't suppose we shall be able to get married for years."

"Well, well, the years pass quickly enough—far too quickly. And meanwhile you are happy. What is his name?"

"Richard Freebairn."

"Richard Freebairn!" The old man shook as if a great wind had struck him. "Richard Freebairn! Bless my soul! Richard Freebairn!"

Gwennie gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why," she cried, "do you know Dick?"

"Do I know him'! Why, bless me . . . Nobody knows him better in the world. He is John's son."

The girl uttered a little cry of astonishment. William continued jerkily, for he had spent his breath in emotion:

"It is wonderful—wonderful! But this is a small world. Young Dick! My dear, you will be very happy. He is one of the best of fellows. Tell me about him—what is he doing?"

"He is a clerk in a London office. They think a lot of him there. He is poorly paid now, but he will soon rise."

William smote his knee with a weak, unsteady hand.

"It's a shame that he should be doing that—a great shame! And I have all his dear father's money! My dear, you must give me his address—I must write at once."

"You mustn't offer him anything," cried Gwennie in alarm. "He is very proud. He——"

"My dear, I know John's son better than you will know him until he is your husband. And that will be sooner than you think."

She looked at him in wonder, her eyebrows arched as if she asked a question.

"I must leave him John's money," William murmured. "Oh, but I must. John knows his mistakes by this time, and I shouldn't dare to face him in the next world unless I had done my best to right them. Just think of what he would say to me."

"But you are not going to die yet," Gwennie cried.

"My dear, I am seventy-five, and John has left a gap. A gap at my time of life, and such a gap as that. . . . Two months the doctors say. I was very glad to hear that. It has been a long life, and I am very tired. I shall be so glad to lie down."

A little sound came from Gwennie's lips, and the old man looked at her as if he only half understood. It was Age looking down from the heights upon Youth dim in the valley below, a great gulf of years between them.

"Why, my dear, you're not crying! I am so happy. Don't cry, my dear. The ripe fruit must fall so that the tree may blossom again. Besides, I can't help thinking that John misses me. Don't cry, my dear."

But Gwennie cried into her handkerchief as if her heart would break.

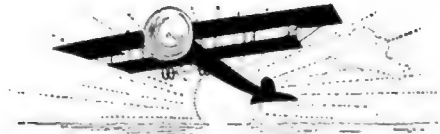
TO VIOLET.

I used to think the heaven's hue
Was of the very deepest blue,
But I was wrong.
For when I looked into your eyes
I found them bluer than the skies.

I used to think a gale in spring
Was quite the wildest, maddest thing,
But I was wrong.
For when I trod upon your dress
The fury of the storm was less.

I used to think that in your heart
A space for me was set apart,
And I was—right.
For when with wounds I stricken lay
You came and kissed the pain away.

William Comyns Lee.



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

By F. W. Martindale.

This article gives a picture of the world as seen through the eyes of the Service pilots and observers. It brings home to the man on the ground what air-warfare means.—Ed. R. M.

Craning my neck over one shoulder I see the pilot squeezing himself into his seat, and settling himself firmly into a comfortable position. On the ground below are the foreshortened figures of our attendant mechanics, their upturned faces watching my companion intently as they await his expected signal. Straight ahead, as I look to my front, stretches the long level ground of the aerodrome we are preparing to leave.

The pilot's voice behind my ear cries out, and is answered by the rattle and roar of the engine and the whirring hum of the propeller as its giant blades buzz into movement. The machine shivers and starts forward with a jerk. The movement, slow at the initial moment, is accelerated almost in that very moment, and immediately we are rolling rapidly across the wide area. The great machine, so clumsy and unwieldy before it reaches its proper element, progresses with a series of bumps that jolt me violently in my seat.

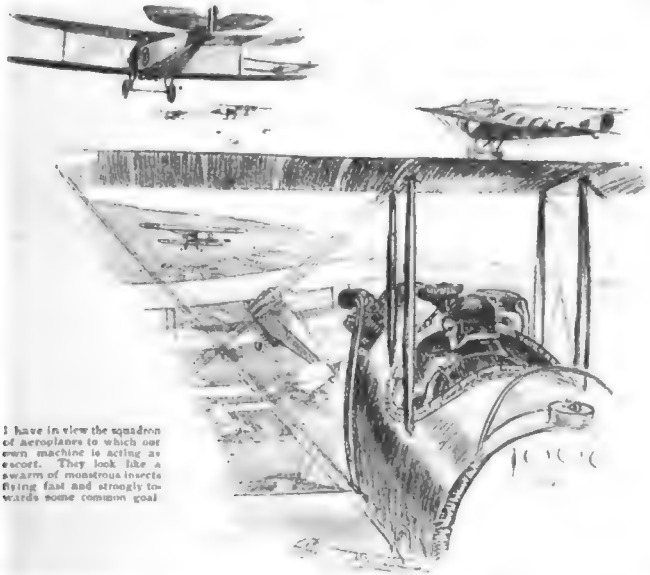
Suddenly the bumping ends, the violent succession of shocks ceases abruptly. A sense of instant relief, like that which a sedative brings to a man in pain, affects me. Simultaneously, the earth seems to sink away swiftly from under me. There is no feeling of insecurity, no sense of having parted from *terra firma*, as the aeroplane soars up into the air. On the contrary, it is the earth which appears the fugitive and unstable quantity.

My seat, the floor upon which my feet are planted, seem solid and secure enough. It is not I, firmly and comfortably established in my cock-pit, who am flying upward, but the pleasant land of France which has suddenly—unaccountably, as it almost seems—dropped downward into space.

Looking ahead, I see the horizon steadily expanding, like the elastic rim of some vast disc yielding to steady and continuous pressure from the centre outwards. Or rather, as the ground flies by beneath me, one may liken the strange spectacle in my view to a sector of some gargantuan round table-top, with ever-widening rim, over which a cloth of rare and wonderful pattern is being steadily and smoothly drawn by an unseen agency.

That table-cloth is the flying landscape over which the aeroplane is passing, and wonderful, indeed, is the pattern of it. Pattern, perhaps, is hardly the suitable word—the quilt, if the simile may be pursued, is rather of the "crazy" nature that belongs to patchwork. Thin dark lines divide up into irregular shapes the variegated masses of green and brown of numberless shades, which are the fields into which this portion of France is parcelled. White lines, like straggling threads of cotton, meander, with seeming aimlessness of purpose, across this fascinating jumble—they are roads, and the clustered excrescences here and there breaking the smooth sinuosity of their trail, are the villages which they link together.

In some places dark objects are to be seen, ere we soar too high, flecking portions of these white ribbons. A layman might guess that he was looking down at troops upon the march, but only the trained eye of the aerial observer could detect of what nature—whether guns, cavalry, infantry, or a supply column—they are, or in what numbers they are mustered.



I have in view the squadron of aeroplanes to which our own machine is acting as escort. They look like a swarm of monstrous insects flying fast and strongly towards some common goal

Such secrets as these it is the business of the enemy airman to discover, if he can—and such inquisitiveness, if attempted, it would be the business of my pilot and me, amongst others, to nip in the bud.

Right ahead, and flying on a parallel course, I have in view the squadron of aeroplanes to which our own machine is acting as escort. They look like a swarm of monstrous insects flying fast and strongly towards some common goal—a pretty but menacing spectacle from the German lines, which before long they will be crossing. Each has its complement of bombs, which will presently be dropped on the objective to which they are so grimly heading.

Still soaring steadily upward and onward, we presently cross "the front." It is an undramatic scene that lies below us; indeed, only familiarity, added to expert knowledge, enables me to detect the critical point where the no-man's land between the opposing lines of trenches lies. If a layman perched aloft in my airy seat would have found it difficult to detect, and quite impossible to distinguish, the crawling bodies of troops that we espied upon the roads away behind the front, still less would he be able to trace, with his unaccustomed eye, the straggling belt of land over which the great battle of the Western Front is taking place.

Not improbably he would sail serenely over it, unconscious of what lay beneath him. Even were an attack of considerable magnitude in progress, it is but little he would make of it, unless he flew very low. That a bombardment was taking place he would certainly deduce from the visible signs of shell explosions, but of infantry dashing to the assault, though they leapt from their trenches right under him, it is likely he would fail to notice any trace.

From a high altitude the figures of men under such conditions seem like ants, not only in size but in the hurry and apparent aimlessness of their movements. The trained eye alone can grasp the elements of the situation and perceive its meaning and significance.

An artillery duel is in progress as we cross the opposing lines. Small puffs of smoke appear, at irregular intervals of time and space, on one side or the other. No guns are visible, nor can the shells be seen in flight. Silently and magically these little blots of smoke appear in the air, dense and

compact at the moment of their apparition, but rapidly thinning and spreading until they are dispersed.

I say "silently," for the noise of the guns and the shell explosions is drowned by the roar of the aeroplane's engine. To that roar my ear is now so attuned that I am only subconsciously aware of it. The effect is greatly to enhance the curious unreality of the scene stretched out beneath me. There is not even the thunder of the guns and the din of the firing-line to impress upon the mind that here is the actual battle-front, with war in grim and deadly earnest now in progress.

Swiftly we speed on our roaring course over the battle-front, and in a few moments have crossed the German lines. To us it is a veritable passage of the Rubicon, as is quickly made manifest. With a sudden jar the aeroplane quivers throughout its whole structure, and simultaneously, below us and to the left of our course, a dense white puff of smoke becomes visible.

It is as though a lump of white cotton wool, expanding springily after tight compression, had been conjured into being out of the empty space by some feat of supernatural legerdemain. I catch a bare glimpse, like an instantaneous snapshot, of white, fleecy convolutions; then, in a moment, it has vanished behind us completely out of sight.

It is an interesting object, but menacing. That puff of white marks the explosion of a shell from an anti-aircraft gun, and we are the mark of the gunner who fired it. In the slang of the airman, we are being "Archie-d," and though the German anti-aircraft batteries are not held in the highest respect it behoves us to be careful.

Another white puff-ball appears, like an aerial fungus sprung out of nothing—then another, and another. At each apparition the aeroplane shivers again, and I feel the tremor passing through my body. But the explosions are too far beneath us to cause any serious commotion, and we hold our course on an even keel.

Only when the gunner down below, altering the elevation of his sights, makes a lucky guess and "lands" a shell in mid-air right before our path and only a little too low, does the pilot shift his course and soar upward yet a little more.

Of the force of that explosion I am quite definitely aware. The aeroplane falters and staggers momentarily in her flight, and I feel rather than hear the whizz of something past my head. Looking upward, I see a couple of rents in the plane overhead where fragments from the shell-burst have pierced it. But a glance backward shows that the pilot is untouched, and the quick righting of the aeroplane and her steady gait onward and upward, indicate that no hit has been sustained in a vital spot.

Away to the right front our convoy of bomb-droppers is still safely in sight, having also run the gauntlet of the enemy's guns with its precious cargo unharmed. We plunge for a few minutes into a low cloud, against which our upward climb has brought us. Trailing wisps of white mist, like streamers of some flimsy, impalpable gauze, wind us about, and only through gaps is the earth below visible. In a few moments even these gaps are choked and a light fog envelops us. We keep blindly on our course, however, and emerge directly in a clear belt of air between the lower and the higher clouds. A misty ocean rolls in woolly billows underneath.

In this corridor of clear and seemingly rarefied air betwixt upper and nether cloud-land we stay for but a short while. Obedient to the pilot's hand, the aeroplane, with slowing propellers, dips suddenly downward. The misty depths engulf us. Dizziness is threatening to seize me, when the enveloping fog thins, and with a sensation of dropping through the bottom of something, we emerge into clear atmosphere again. Instantly the engine resumes its loud roar, and we regain an even keel.

My eye, as it sweeps the panorama below, is caught by a large object in motion, the more prominent because it is in a different plane from the flat patchwork quilt in the semblance of which the landscape is spread. It can only be one thing—an aeroplane. Scrutiny shows that it is a German machine of the Aviatik type, evidently rising with the intention of disputing our passage. There is no need of my impetuous gesture, for the pilot has seen the foe at the same moment, and the slight deviation in our course already apparent shows that he is preparing to manœuvre for vantage in the coming battle.

The Aviatik soars rapidly up as we rush to meet it, but we are flying high, and the altitude affords us a good opening. As we come over the enemy he is still some 2,000 feet below. We spiral down, with slowed engines and deep-tilted nose, and as I wait with tingling nerves for the moment when the issue will be joined in earnest, I note the disposition of the enemy airmen and the machine-gun with which they are armed. My fingers are already caressing our own.

The Aviatik is no hapless prey. She is well engined and cleverly handled by her pilot. From our final dive she escapes like a strong-winged quarry from the swooping

The Aviatik is no helpless prey . . From our final dive she escapes like a strong-winged quarry from the swooping hawk.

hawk, and ere we can regain a vantage she ranges up, catches us broadside, and pours in a heavy fire. The bullets whizz by like a swarm of angry hornets, and I am conscious of splinters flying. But our machine does not waver, and that is all that matters.

I am too intent upon the business in hand to spare even a glance to see if the pilot behind me is wounded. To speak the truth, I am not concerned at this moment whether he is hit or not, so long as he is able to keep us flying. Machine and pilot don't count—anything can happen to them, for all I care, so long as they keep me in the air long enough to get my gun trained, and to shoot the Aviatik and its German occupants to smithereens.

My pilot is very much alive, however. By skilful manœuvring he places us so that the Aviatik, in her new course, presents a

splendid target, and cannot escape in time from that undesirable position. My gun chatters volubly, but to some purpose, and the pilot, quick to see a second opportunity, presses the attack. Another hail of bullets flies rattling out of our machine-gun, and this time, though neither of the enemy airmen appear to be wounded, a vital bit is secured.

Presumably a bullet has struck the engine, for the Aviatik makes a quick turn, her propeller stops, and she glides rapidly downward. Intently we watch her descent, half fearing that presently, against our exultant expectations, she will right herself and return to the combat. But nothing stays her fall, and as she finally topples over, like a wounded creature, on the distant ground below we realise that victory is won.

Meanwhile our convoy has flown out of sight on its errand of destruction. We give chase, and in due course pick them up, one by one, flying high on the homeward journey. No other enemy aeroplane puts forth to challenge us, but here and there an "Archibald" dots the sky with woolly white puff-balls that fail to reach us. Presently we are once again crossing that battle-front, where all day and every day the shells are flying to and fro, and soon after, to our great relief, come in sight of home.

Viewed from far above, the broad arena of the aerodrome seems a mere pocket handkerchief laid out amidst the surrounding tangle—a difficult mark merely to fall on; almost impossible to alight in gracefully. But the pilot has no qualms. The engine stops, and at the same moment the aeroplane heels over on to one side, and begins a spiral descent. One could fancy the tip of the wing to be wedged in air of dense consistency, and to be thus forming a pivot upon which the aeroplane circles.

In a double spiral, such as we now embark upon, the aeroplane pivots on the tip of either wing alternately, and as we near the earth, the latter seems to fly up to meet us, threatening to stun us, now on this side, now on that, with fearful impact. But with a last swoop the aeroplane regains equilibrium, and glides so smoothly to rest that only a gentle bumping tells us that earth has been reached once more.

DOING HER BIT!

I used to love you, Geraldine,
  Because your face was fair,
Because your eyes were speedwell blue,
  Like tarnished gold your hair.
And when you leant your rosebud cheek
  On my unworthy arm,
I kissed your lips, my Geraldine,
  And bowed before your charm.

And now I love you, Geraldine,
  You dear, amazing sprite!
Because you drive a motor-van
  And freed a man to fight.
And when I'm home on leave again—
  (I shall be soon, with luck)—
I'll kiss your lips, my Geraldine,
  And bow before your pluck.

Rosemary North.

ANOTHER SPLENDID STORY OF "DONOVAN OF DOWNING STREET."

Donovan, the hero of these exciting stories.

The Mysterious Mission.

By William Le Queux.

In his capacity as King's Foreign Service Messenger, Donovan of Downing Street, undertook many hazardous missions. Perhaps none was more risky than the one described in the following story, when he penetrated into German territory disguised as a German naval officer.

The old marble clock on the chimney-piece of Lord Chiddingford's private room at the Foreign Office had just struck five o'clock when the Honourable Hugh Donovan, King's Foreign Service Messenger, having been closeted for half-an-hour with His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, descended with a jaunty air the big marble staircase in Downing Street.

Out in Whitehall he hailed a taxi and drove to the St. James's Club in Piccadilly, where, in the smoking-room, he bewailed to several men the fact that he had to go to Madrid with dispatches on Thursday. Then, calling at White's in St. James's Street, he made the same fictitious announcement, well-knowing that by some mysterious means the fact would quickly reach the ears of those who were in constant communication with the enemy.

In London, in those war-days, the very walls had ears.

He looked in at his cosy chambers in Half Moon Street for ten minutes, in order to give some instructions to his man, Bettinson, and then took a taxi back to Whitehall.

Known to the doorkeepers at the Admiralty, he walked in, and, ascending the stairs, passed along many corridors into the new building until he rapped at a door, and on entering found there his old friend, Captain Charles Churston, D.S.O., who, in naval uniform, was seated at a table.

"Come in, old chap," exclaimed the grey-haired Captain cheerily. "I've got the maps out for you to see," and rising he conducted him across the room, where upon a large deal table several huge maps and charts had been pinned down.

"Gad! What splendid maps!" observed Donovan.

"Oh! by the way, Hugh," went on the Captain suddenly, "we had a wireless from the Admiral an hour ago. He quite understands the orders, and is expecting you. There'll be a mine-sweeper, the *Guillemot*, waiting for you at West Hartlepool to-morrow night. We recalled her by wireless this afternoon."

"Thanks, old chap. Through the mine-field again, I suppose!" grunted Hugh.

An hour later, having eaten his dinner at White's, he entered a taxi and drove to Draycott Place in order to tell his *fiancée*, Mabel Metcalfe, of his projected journey.

On entering the cab he had noticed, standing on the opposite kerb in St. James's Street, in front of the Devonshire Club, a short, well-dressed man who had paused in the act of lighting a cigar.

"Hullo!" he muttered to himself. "Hopmann still on the watch, eh? Why this renewed activity, I wonder? Surely nobody can know yet. No." He threw himself into the taxi. "The fellow will soon hear that I'm going to Madrid on Thursday."

To Hugh's dismay he found Mabel absent. An hour before word had come that her favourite aunt, Mrs. Forrester, who lived down at Bexhill, had been taken very ill, and therefore she had gone down to Sussex in the car, almost at a moment's notice.

Later that night, in his character of Mr. Marvin, cinema operator, the Honourable Hugh stood in his room in Packington Street, that dismal turning off the Essex Road, a shabby apartment that was half sitting-room and half photographic studio.

Mrs. Trayle, his Cockney landlady, had brought him up his sandwiches and a bottle of stout, as was her habit when her lodger came in late. Having wished her good-night he had taken off his coat, switched on the powerful arc-lamp, and with the big whole-plate camera had photographed a map which he had brought from the Admiralty.

Afterwards he went into a small cupboard which he used as a dark-room, and developed the negative of the map which he had photographed. Later on he took from between two pieces of cardboard a piece of clean, fine linen, measuring about sixteen inches each way, and placing it in a large printing-frame, together with the negative, afterwards exposed it to the strong electric rays.

He glanced at his watch, and then busied himself with other things until he deemed that the process of printing would be finished.

Again he re-opened the frame, taking out the piece of linen carefully.

But it was still blank, just as it had been when he placed it there.

Apparently he had expected the map to be printed upon the linen, but, in no way disappointed, he threw the limp linen into a bowl of some solution, rinsed it well, and hung it near the fire.

When dry he folded it up and thrust it carelessly into his pocket.

Just before two o'clock in the morning he took the precious map which Churston had lent him, together with his photograph, put on his hat and coat, and let himself out into the street.

Close to the Angel he found a belated taxi and drove to Half Moon Street, where Bettinson rose with sleepy eyes to meet him.

"Well?" asked Hugh of his faithful man. "You're back from Cheshire, eh? Did you see the Commandant?"

"Yes, sir. I've brought all you requested—papers and everything. I've packed them all complete."

"Good!" said Donovan approvingly. "You've spread the news that I'm going to Madrid?"

"Yes, sir. I've told a dozen people. That young girl of Hopmann's was watching at the corner when I got back just after twelve o'clock."

Hugh nodded and then went off to bed.

At eleven o'clock on the following night, a tall, slim figure in yellow oilskins and sou'wester stood on the spray-swept deck of H.M.'s mine-sweeper *Guillemot*, a stout, black little trawler which before the war had been engaged in the Iceland fisheries.

With her nose set to sea she rose and fell in the long dark waves as she left behind her the dim single light which showed the entrance to the harbour of West Hartlepool. The night was particularly dark, with a strong north-easter blowing, and a heavy sea which caused the little vessel to bury her nose every now and then, while water would swish about the deck. There was no light, and Hugh could scarcely distinguish the figure of the stout, deep-voiced skipper, Macbean, standing by him.

"We've reported by wireless to the Admiralty that we've left and that you are on board, sir," the bluff old sailor said. "We had an answer a few minutes ago—a message for you, wishing you a safe journey and signed, Churston."

Next day, a grey stormy one, went slowly by. Hugh spent the greater part of his time in oilskins on the bridge with Macbean. Somebody had lent him a pair of sea-boots, and those were acceptable, as the deck was constantly awash. And all the time navigation was difficult, and the chart was being constantly referred to, as they were passing through one of the mine-fields.

On the second evening, just as dusk had fallen, a war-vessel was sighted upon the misty horizon. The weather had abated considerably, and as the skipper watched the stranger through his glasses he declared, with satisfaction, that she was the *Amphibious* keeping her rendezvous. Indeed, in the grey twilight her mast-head light winked a sharp salute to the rolling mine-sweeper then heading straight in her direction.

Half-an-hour later Donovan of Downing Street, whose big green canvas kit-bag had been taken charge of by a marine, was seated in the Captain's after-cabin of the *Amphibious* smoking a cigarette and discussing his

intended exploit with George Fluyder, D.S.O., the alert, clean-shaven Captain. It was a pleasant place, half office, half drawing-room, with deep easy chairs covered with bright chintz, a big sofa, and a large mahogany writing-table set back in the stern, while everywhere around were souvenirs from all quarters of the globe, bric-à-brac, silver, and many portraits of the Captain's friends—those of the fair sex predominating.

"I had a long wireless signal from the Admiralty about a couple of days ago, Donovan," his friend explained, as his servant brought in a couple of cocktails. "It came through the Admiral, who added a comment to it."

"What was the comment?" Hugh asked.

"Two words. They were: 'Infernally risky.'"

"To the point—if nothing else," replied the man from Downing Street. "Who is going to take me, and when?"

"Dick Veale is taking you—to-morrow evening, if the weather is all right. You know Veale, I think. You'll find him in the ward-room. He's expecting you."

"Dick Veale!" exclaimed Hugh, springing up. "Know him? Why, of course. I knew him in the *Martian* before he went in for aviation."

"Well, when he knew your plans he was most anxious to make the attempt—so I gave him orders."

The Captain, with Donovan as his guest, dined with the officers in the ward-room that night, Dick Veale, the flying-man, seated next to Hugh. After the usual toast of "The King" in port, "the owner"—the ward-room nick-name for the Captain—raised his glass to the success of the expedition, coupling it with the names of Donovan of Downing Street and Lieutenant Veale.

Next day was a busy one for Hugh. In the cabin allotted to him he spent several hours unpacking his spacious kit-bag and putting things ship-shape.

It is an unwritten rule that nobody disturbs the privacy of an officer at sea, except at duty's call, therefore Hugh sat leisurely at the narrow little writing-table opposite his sleeping-berth, examining certain things he had taken from his travelling bag.

The first was a German naval officer's pocket-book belonging to the Seeoffizer Kapitan Lieutenant Otto von Grünau, with some papers to prove his identity, as well as a photograph portraying him in German naval uniform with the two gold stripes surmounted by the crown upon the cuffs, a picture which, truth to tell, Bettinson had taken in Packington Street three hours before Hugh had left London.

In the pocket-book were a number of letters from the officer's friends, together with the membership card of a smart officers' club in Berlin, and other odds and ends. In another German-made wallet were German bank-notes to the value of about two thousand five hundred marks.

Up on deck air-mechanics were busy getting in readiness a big seaplane, testing it, running the engine, and tightening bolts and strainers, while Dick Veale, in a suit of brown overalls and with a cigarette stuck between his lips, stood by, superintending.

The afternoon proved bright and sunny, and Donovan spent a long time watching his friend, Dick, testing the latest type of machine in which they were to make the expeditionary flight. Both waited through the calm hour of sundown while the ship steamed slowly along about forty miles from the Danish island of Fanö.

At last, just at dusk, from the cabin aft, Donovan, who had assumed the German naval uniform of von Grünau, stepped smartly into Fluyder's cabin and bade him *au revoir*.

"Well," exclaimed the elder man, "good luck to you, old man. We'll be thinking of you in the ward-room."

The leave-taking was sharp and short, as it always is in the Navy—just a cigarette from the Captain's heavy silver box and a hearty handshake.

Five minutes later Hugh climbed into the observer's seat in the big seaplane, and, having strapped himself in, Dick took the pilot's place.

Officers shouted cheery farewells, the engine roared, the propeller flew round, and in a few seconds the machine flew off the incline, first alighting on the water and skimming across it, then rising and circling around the ship higher and higher, to the cheers of the men on deck.

Donovan, to whom aviation was something new, glanced at the row of instruments which, under an electric bulb, told the pilot things he could not find out for himself when flying at night—the inclinometer, the altimeter, the speedometer, the petrol-gauge, and other things which are so puzzling to all save the airman.

The roar of the powerful engine was so fierce that the men could not converse. So Hugh, in his German naval uniform, sat and watched how, after rising in a spiral to five thousand feet, the sea became lost in the mist below, and Veale suddenly turned her nose due north-east by the compass.

For over an hour they flew 'mid sea and sky until darkness had fallen; then, switching on the little electric light, the pilot glanced at

his instruments and especially at the clock, after which he silenced his engine until its noise was only a quarter what it had been hitherto, and after dropping suddenly three thousand feet, he commenced to peer down for signs of land.

For some time his search was in vain in the mist and darkness, until, of a sudden, he indicated with his finger a cluster of pin-points of light denoting a small town, and Hugh then knew they had reached the coast, and were over Denmark. A full half-hour was occupied in picking up certain bearings by the map spread in front of him, but presently Veale decided that he was over the Danish province of Bibe, not far from the carefully-guarded German frontier of Schleswig-Holstein. He therefore altered his course to the south-east, and, rising again to nearly six thousand feet, increased his speed.

They were soon flying over German territory, far away on their left, in the direction of Sonderburg, on the Little Belt, they could see the trembling reflection of a searchlight on the look out for Allied aircraft, while all towns and villages were in darkness. Once, indeed, the bright beam of a searchlight shot up from far below them and began its slow, semi-circular search, but Veale, experienced aviator that he was, climbed quickly, and was soon hidden by the bank of low clouds.

When they had travelled about one hundred miles from first crossing the Danish coast, Dick made another attempt to descend, always a risky operation in the dark, especially upon unknown ground. Having come down rapidly at a spot where not a single light could be seen, they found that, as far as they could observe, they were over a wide, flat stretch of pastureland. Veale recognised it in a moment to be a good landing-place, though he had no idea where it was, save that it must be somewhere near Flensburg, a little to the west of Kiel.

Therefore, after circling three times, he put her nose to the wind—by guesswork, be it said, as he had no means of knowing its direction—and came down, effecting a perfect landing.

There was no time to lose, for Veale, though he had silenced his engine as far as possible, had not been able to land without a good deal of noise. If he were discovered, then they would, no doubt, be made prisoners.

When Hugh had unstrapped himself his friend gripped his hand warmly, saying in his hearty sailor's way:

"Well, good-bye for the present, old man. All good luck—and a safe return."

"Chin-chin," was Hugh's merry reply, as he hopped nimbly to the ground, while next moment Veale pulled over the lever, and sent the great seaplane soaring on her way back to her floating home in the North Sea.

Lieutenant Otto von Grünau, of the Imperial German Navy—as Hugh had become at that moment—stood in the darkness listening to the receding sound of the seaplane. He was alone.

His was a very perilous position. That he knew. Nevertheless, speaking German as perfectly as he did English, having been brought up in Germany, and with a good all-round knowledge of things naval, he did not anticipate failure upon that most daring and delicate mission, though he was not blind to the very serious risks he ran, or to the fact that discovery would mean death.

He seemed to be in the centre of a wide expanse of rural country, but after wandering across the grass for ten minutes or so he struck a broad high-road, along which he went until, half-an-hour later, he met a peasant with a cart coming in his direction.

"Hi, my good man! Tell me where does this road lead to? I'm a stranger here," Hugh demanded in German, whereupon the peasant, seeing an officer by the light of his oil-lamp, replied:

"It leads into Flensburg, Herr Lieutenant. This place is Nubbel. Follow this road, and turn to the right at the railway crossing, and you will be in Flensburg within half-an-hour."

"Thanks," replied Donovan in German. "Good-night!" And he set off to follow the peasant's direction towards the town which, before the war, possessed the largest German commercial fleet in the Baltic.

An hour later Lieutenant Otto von Grünau—who had dusted his boots before entering the town—had taken a room at the Flensburger Hof, had signed the visitors' book, and was eating a meal comfortably in the restaurant.

With perfect *sang-froid* he afterwards went into the lounge, and, flinging himself into a cane chair, ordered some kummel and a cigar with the bold air and swagger of the German officers, many of whom were about him.

A group of military officers seated near by were discussing, with high glee, the Zeppelin raid that had been made upon the East Coast of England on the previous night, details of which they were reading from the special edition of the *Nachrichten*.

Donovan of Downing Street listened to it all, and presently retired to his room.

Next day, in his perfect guise of a German naval lieutenant, he took train for Kiel, some fifty miles distant, and there put up at the

A group of military officers seated near by were discussing, with high glee, the Zeppelin raid that had been made upon the East Coast of England on the previous night.

best hotel, the Germania. Afterwards, as he walked along the Holsteinstrasse down to the port, he was saluted everywhere by the crowds of naval men in the streets.

Part of that day he spent along the shore of the Kriegshafen, afterwards going out through the suburb of Wik, until he came to the end of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which he crossed by the pontoon bridge, taking careful note of the crowd of idle warships of every class that were lying there, and other things of interest.

Ascending the hill behind the pleasant village of Holtenau, on the opposite bank, he sat in a sunny beer-garden which commanded a splendid view, and there he made very good use of his eyes. Some better-class civilians from Kiel were idling away the afternoon there, so he got into conversation with them, and, taking him for a naval officer, they spoke quite freely before him as to the growing strength of the Imperial German Navy, and of the staggering blow which they declared that the Kaiser meant shortly to deliver against the hated England.

"When our fleet puts to sea again it will be in real earnest," declared one elderly man, evidently a retired officer, as he smoked his long pipe. "With our submarines and our Zeppelins, and our fine new ships with guns of greater calibre and range, those English will have a poor chance," he laughed contentedly.

"Ah! but the English will fight," remarked one fair-haired man dubiously.

"Fight! Of course they will," admitted the other. "But we shall win. Our men will very soon be on English soil, and then the people of London will have a taste of Louvain," and he grinned sardonically.

Hugh said nothing. As a listener he heard much—especially from a man who joined the party, and whose uniform proclaimed him an airship officer—regarding the building of new Zeppelin sheds at certain spots that were mentioned, and which, with care, he noted

mentally. He heard how many Zeppelins there were in Schleswig-Holstein at that moment, and also some interesting facts concerning new super-Zeppelins which were declared to be very effective.

"Yes," the officer declared with much swagger, as he spoke haughtily to the civilians. "Very soon the world will be staggered to see what we can do—eh?" he asked, turning to Donovan, who, addressed thus suddenly, was compelled to acquiesce in order to retain the character which he had assumed so cleverly. Hugh knew that he carried his life in his hands.

Next day, and the next also, Donovan of Downing Street spent his time mostly at various points where information of value was to be gathered, using his sharp eyes everywhere, his naval uniform being sufficient passport as he went about with that air of arrogant authority which all officers in Germany assume.

On rising on the fourth day he decided that to remain longer in the vicinity of Kiel would perhaps be dangerous; therefore, he paid his hotel bill, and taking the small valise he had bought in Flensburg, travelled back by way of that city, north through Gravenstein, eventually alighting at an obscure but picturesque little place called Auenbüll, where, leaving his valise, he set out upon the road for the great internment camp of British and French prisoners on the hill at Ulderup, not far from Sonderburg.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived at the huge inclosure of barbed wire, behind which some British officers were playing football. Then, bracing himself for an effort, he boldly entered the Commandant's office. The sentries saluted, and he was quickly shown into the officer's private room where, after greetings, he informed the military Commander that he had been sent by the Naval Intelligence Bureau at Kiel to question a certain British naval officer imprisoned there, Lieutenant-Commander ——.

The round-faced, grey-haired Commandant smiled as he answered:

"You'll have some difficulty in getting any word of information out of these stubborn pigs of British. I have tried, and so have many others, but they remain silent and obdurate, whether we resort to harsh measures or offer them freedom on parole in exchange."

"I will try," was Otto von Grünau's quiet reply. "He is said to be aware of certain facts which we, of the naval war staff at Kiel, are very eager to ascertain. I quite agree that these English—like our own prisoners in England—remain mute, even in face of all inducements. But I am sent here, and have to carry out my orders—with your permission."

"Certainly," was the polite reply. Then a lieutenant, seated at a side-table, after a glance at the register, said:

"Lieutenant-Commander —— is in Hut 46."

A few moments later the Honourable Hugh was within the great compound, while at his side walked a grey-coated German sentry. About him were many British officers—both naval and military—some in plain clothes and some in uniforms of various stages of shabbiness. Those were indeed thrilling moments for the man who had, with such splendid patriotism, thus taken his life in his hands.

Hut 46 was empty, but while Otto von Grünau remained there the sentry went in eager search of the British officer. The latter, on his arrival, was not at all pleased to see a German naval officer seated arrogantly at the table.

"You are Lieutenant-Commander ——, eh?" asked Otto von Grünau gruffly in German. Then, turning to the sentry, he said: "You can go back. I wish to be alone."

The man saluted and withdrew.

The instant the door was closed, Hugh rose and whispered in English:

"I'm not a German officer. I am Hugh Donovan, of Downing Street, and have come here on pretence of questioning you; so we must act the part, or we may be suspected. Where is Captain P——? I want to see him at once on urgent secret business."

"He's out yonder, watching the football."

"Go to him, whisper that I am here, and bring him immediately. There's not a moment to lose."

"But, how in the name of Fate did you get here?" gasped the naval Commander, entirely taken aback.

"Never mind that just now," Hugh said eagerly. "I'm here on a very urgent and secret mission. Get Captain P—— here at once."

The Commander, leaving the hut, hurried across to where his brother-officer was standing, and whispered the astounding news into his ear.

A few moments later Captain P——, in shabby plain clothes, entered the hut, where he greeted Hugh, and then the pair, without loss of time, sat down, Donovan asking many eager questions, to which the British prisoner of war replied promptly, knowing that there was no time to be lost in idle words.

On shaking it out, its whole face had, he saw, become transformed. Printed upon the fine linen was a most minute and detailed map of the ten square miles of country towards the coast. [Page 268, col. 2.]

After Hugh had given P—— an encouraging message from his wife and from certain high officials at the Admiralty, he asked:

"What happened to the code-books and mine-charts?"

"They went down. I threw the iron box overboard myself," was the prisoner's reply.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Hugh. "That will relieve their minds at Whitehall very considerably, I can assure you. They were much afraid that both had fallen into the enemy's hands."

Then he put a number of other questions, to which the naval officer replied, explaining various points, all of which were of the greatest value to our Admiralty.

He inquired how Donovan had managed to perform what seemed an impossible journey, but Hugh only laughed, saying that he would explain when they met next time at the "Senior," after the war.

The information from Captain P——'s lips was, he knew, of the very highest importance to the Board of Admiralty at Whitehall. In those five minutes P—— had explained certain matters which gave us a distinct advantage over the German Naval Staff.

While the pair were speaking, the door of the hut opened, and there, most unexpectedly, entered the German Commandant of the camp.

Donovan was, happily, on the alert in an instant, for he rose and, turning to the Commandant, angrily exclaimed, in German:

"As you justly said, these fellows are mute. I have explained the clemency we are prepared to extend to him if he will only reveal one fact. But, like them all, he's dumb."

The Commandant, swaggering as he strode about, laughed, saying:

"We have tried already until we are tired. Come, leave the fellow alone."

And the supposed Otto von Grünau, playing his part splendidly, accompanied the Commandant without a second glance at his friend.

At ten o'clock that same night Hugh Donovan, with his small bag, entered an old-fashioned inn called the Fürst Bismarck, in the little town of Hadersleben, about fifteen miles from the Danish frontier at Vamdrup, and there slept soundly till the following morning, when, as he left his room to pass down the stairs, he suddenly had the misfortune to encounter Lieutenant von Wachler, an officer of the Saxon Guards, whom he had known quite well in Dresden in those days when he had so often gone there with dispatches.

Both men were equally surprised.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the German, with a good English accent.

"Hullo!" replied Donovan, just as coolly as if he had been passing a man on the carpeted staircase at White's.

Without undue haste, Donovan, who realised his deadly peril, strolled into the square hall below, where he met a waiter and ordered breakfast to be ready in ten minutes. Then he went out into the street, leaving his Saxon friend to wonder.

The moment he was out of sight of the inn, Hugh became alert and active. He knew that the alarm would be given. He hurried away out upon the high-road, where, halting, he waited in considerable anxiety. He wondered if the Saxon officer had given the alarm, though, by the order for breakfast, his enemy might probably decide upon entrapping him.

In a few minutes, however, Hugh encountered a man in a motor-car—probably a business man. He stopped him, and requested that, as he wanted to get to Dostrup upon urgent naval affairs, he would give him a lift.

So obsequious are all civilians to naval men in Schleswig-Holstein that the man at once deemed it an honour, and in a few moments they were travelling side by side towards Taftlund, a small town some twenty miles further towards the North Sea coast.

At about a mile from this town, Otto von Grünau descended, explaining that he wished to visit a brother officer close by, and bade farewell to the motorist.

When the latter had gone, he knew that the alarm would probably have already reached Taftlund by wire, and his motorist friend might be questioned. Searching about until at last he found a small brook, he threw himself upon the bank, and, taking off his naval cap, drew from its red silk lining a small white tabloid.

Having filled his cap with water from the stream, he took his rather soiled handkerchief and soaked it in his cap, afterwards dropping in the tabloid, which caused a considerable effervescence.

Stirring the handkerchief around once or twice, he drew it forth and wrung it out. Then, on shaking it out, its whole face had, he saw, become transformed. Printed upon the fine linen was a most minute and detailed map of the ten square miles of country towards the coast—the map which he had photographed and printed in Packington Street.

In the sunshine he sat upon a big rock by the stream, and studied it with his pocket-compass.

Then, taking his last remaining cigarette, he lit it, and set off again, after having shaken his cap dry and glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Four hours in which to do ten miles!" he exclaimed to himself as he strode along the level sandy road, with the pangs of hunger gnawing at his very vitals.

He had not gone far before his quick eyes caught sight of four Uhlans riding over the ridge of a low hill in his direction.

"Ah! just as I thought!" he exclaimed to himself aloud, as he instantly threw himself behind a big gorse bush. "The alarm has been raised, and the country is already being scoured for an Englishman in German naval uniform. What ill-luck to have met von Wachler! He used to be such a good fellow, too. How I wish I could get rid of these infernal clothes!"

He listened as the four cavalrymen, laughing together as they rode, clattered past close to where he lay concealed.

Then, when they were out of sight, he raised his head very cautiously, and subsequently went on his way until he came to a road marked "To Dostrup." This he took, after consulting his map, and presently found a big black barn which was accurately marked there.

Into this he broke, and, concealed in the straw, he remained hidden there till nightfall.

At last he crept forth again into the darkness, for it was then black, still night, and, making his way across the open grass land due north by his luminous compass, he sat down upon a hillock and waited.

Once, with his ears strained, he thought he heard faint, low voices. On placing his ears to the ground he could plainly distinguish footsteps. They were receding, so again he breathed. No star showed, and all was silent.

For three hours he waited there. To him it seemed an eternity, with his ears constantly strained to catch the slightest sound. Sometimes he fancied he could hear people moving in the darkness.

At last, from the far distance, the low, distant hum of aircraft rapidly approaching reached his ears.

His heart beat quickly as he gazed eagerly into the black void above.

Yes! At last! He saw it. It had descended and was hovering about over him; therefore he took from his pocket his electric torch and, as signal, gave three short flashes towards the sky. Next second they were answered.

High above him the aeroplane circled three times, and then slowly alighted within fifty yards of where he stood.

In the darkness Hugh was running directly towards it when, of a sudden, armed men sprang up from nowhere, shouting in German. A red flash was followed by a loud report, whereupon Donovan swiftly drew his heavy automatic pistol and prepared to defend himself.

What actually happened neither he nor Dick Veale could ever tell. Donovan only knew that two German cavalrymen, who had been patrolling in search of him, suddenly threw themselves upon him, and that he struggled free. Somebody flashed on a light, whereupon he fired his pistol full into the face of one of his captors, blowing half of it away, while Dick turned his quick-firing gun with considerable effect upon those who were bent on capturing his seaplane.

"Hop in—quick!" shouted Veale to his friend. "This firing has made the place decidedly unhealthy for us!"

Hugh sprang lightly up. It was truly an exciting moment.

"All right, aren't you, old boy?" was the cheery inquiry, and in a few seconds the seaplane had again left the ground, probably to the amazement of any of their assailants left unwounded.

A quarter-of-an-hour later, however, they found themselves chased by two Fokkers, but the superior speed of Veale's machine caused them to give up after twenty miles over the sea.

"Devilish narrow squeak—eh?" remarked Dick Veale as he lifted his cup of hot cocoa in the ward-room of the *Amphibious* two hours later.

"Yes," replied Donovan. "Quite exciting, wasn't it—especially for the Bosches!"

"And for us, also—for the moment!" laughed the air-pilot.

Two days later, Donovan was seated with Churston and another higher official at the Admiralty, having handed to the latter a full written report of the whole of his confidential conversation with Captain P——, and the illuminating answers to all his questions, as well as a detailed result of his own observations in and around the German naval-base at Kiel.

That night, Donovan dined with Mabel and her father at Draycott Place, Charlie Churston being one of the party, and at table Hugh explained in his slow, modest way—much as I have here recounted it—how he had been able successfully to execute his mysterious mission, though, of course, the facts he had learnt from Captain P—— he did not reveal, his report having been marked "confidential and secret."

(Another thrilling adventure of Donovan of Downing Street will appear next month.)

DO YOU WANT TO WIN A MONEY PRIZE?

If so, turn to Page 283

and enter for our

Great Picture Puzzle Competition.

CAP AND BELLS

BY NO MEANS COWED.

There was a new postmaster at Puddleton, and he was not having a very happy time. Most of the farmers living in the neighbourhood were in the habit of calling for their letters, and the unfortunate postmaster found himself besieged by a crowd of burly, bawling men, all demanding letters at the same time.

At last one strode in who was burlier than the rest, and who shouted with a voice of thunder:

"Have you got any letters for Mike Howe?"

"For whom?" snapped the perspiring official.

"Mike Howe, I said!" bawled the farmer louder than ever. "Don't you know your job, or can't you talk English? Have you any letters for Mike Howe? Now do you understand?"

The postmaster took off his glasses.

"No, I have not," he snorted; "neither for your cow, nor anyone else's!"

A MARKER'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Bob Slinkum, the marker at the "Crown" in Little Itchin,
Was loved by Mary Parker, who presided in the kitchen;
She strove by artless wiles to get Bob to take the cue,
But scored a losing hazard from Slinkum's point of view.

Lucy Flinders at the "Magnet," a most alluring lass,
Was the lodestone whose attraction counteracted that of Mary;
In her Bob found the winner which constituted bliss
(But the maiden in the kitchen was unaware of this).

Imagine Mary's feelings when, upon her evening out,
She saw Bob and Lucy Flinders a-canoodlin' about;
Her dream of joy departed with the lovers' parting kiss,
In the jargon of Bob Slinkum she had only scored a miss.

John Francis.

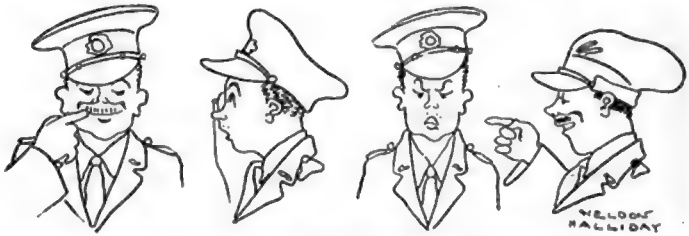
* * * * *

CLEARED OUT.

At the end of the ball one of the guests went into the cloak-room, and the attendant came forward with a coat.

"That isn't my coat," said the guest; "mine is a perfectly new one."

"A new one? Oh, I never have any new ones left after half-past twelve."



HAIR-RAISING EPISODES.

Satisfactory progress is reported all along the line. *In this region there is no progress to report.*

A ROUND OF GAIETY.

Amusements were few and far between in the Welsh village, and Tommy was overjoyed when a travelling circus appeared.

"Twopence to see a circus!" said his father. "Indeed to goodness, it was only last week that you went to see the eclipse of the moon. Do you want life to be one perpetual round of gaiety?"

• •

NATURALLY INDIFFERENT.

OLD GENTLEMAN (who has just finished reading account of a shipwreck with loss of passengers and all hands): "Ah! I'm sorry for the poor sailors who were drowned!"

OLD LADY: "Sailors! It isn't the sailors, it's the passengers that I'm sorry for. The sailors are used to it."

• •

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

An old Scotsman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, M'Tavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: You've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight — and you must choose."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said M'Tavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen aboot everything worth seein'!"

• •

GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT.

The dear old soul had read a lot of war news, but she never thought she would be brought face to face with its realities so unexpectedly.

She had taken a walk, when, lo and behold! right in front of her she saw a notice board saying in black letters: "Private Grounds."

"Dearie me," she exclaimed. "Poor laddie. And not even buried in a proper cemetery!"

• • • • •

A STANDING JOKE.

THE STRANGER: "You seem to take to riding in these overcrowded cars very good-naturedly."

THE RESIDENT: "Oh, yes; we treat it as a standing joke."

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

The new subaltern had just handed his half-crown stable money to the Transport officer, when the adjutant came up.

"What was that for?" he asked.

"My horse, sir," said the new one proudly.

"A very fair price, too," said the adjutant.

George and the Dragon.
Ye bold resolve
George donneth his best armour for ye fray.
First encounter with ye Dragon. George is sore afraid
He returneth in new armour, and with more powerful weapons
THEATRE TICKETS
CHOCOLATES
sore
Ye Dragon vanquished and enchained

CENSOR NEEDED.

A poet and a musician wrote a comic opera. When it was first performed it was noticed that the music was very loud.

"Why did you write such deafening music?" asked a friend of the composer.

"You wouldn't ask that," the composer replied, "if you had read any of those lyrics. I didn't want the audience to hear them!"

UNDER THE CLOCK.

The Tragedy of a Trysting Place.

1. "Tommy" is in good time for his appointment at 2 o'clock.—

2. —and awaits Miss Poppy Prattle complaceatly.

3. At 2.30 he seeks solace in a cigarette—

4. —and by 3 o'clock is frankly bored.

5. Another half-hour finds him distinctly impatient.—

CRY QUITS!

Mr. Golden had a new office-boy. A few days after his arrival some money was missed from the cash drawer.

Calling the new boy into the private office, Mr. Golden said severely:

"There are five shillings gone from my cash drawer, Albert. Now, you and I are the only people who have keys to that drawer."

"Well," replied the boy cheerfully, "s'pose we each pay half-a-crown and say no more about it?"

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TEMPORARY LOSSES.

At a deadly dull winter resort in the South, where people really go to rest, a visitor one day sought excitement by interviewing an old fisherman.

"This is a dangerous coast, sir," he said. "Many an' many a man has been drowned off that there bar."

"But none of the winter visitors have ever been lost here, have they?" asked the visitor.

"No. Not what you might call permanent. After a tide or two their bodies is generally washed ashore."

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ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

SUCCESSFUL SUITOR: "Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

FATHER: "Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging round here five nights a week."

• • • • •

WHERE, INDEED?

JOAN: "They're awful things, these motor-cars! They're not safe at all."

DARBY: "No, there's always something goin' wrong with them."

JOAN: "Which would ye rather be in—a collision or an explosion?"

DARBY: "I would far rather be in a collision."

JOAN: "Why?"

DARBY (thoughtfully): "Because in a collision there ye are; but in an explosion where are ye?"

A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE.

They were both retired officers, and had just been introduced in the smoking-room of the club.

"Do you know, Colonel," said the Major, "I cannot help thinking I have met you before?"

"And strangely enough, sir, I have a very similar feeling with regard to you."

"Were you at the storming of Flareupatam?"

"I was, Major."

"And were you present at the time the fort exploded and blew up the entire place?"

"I had that honour!"

"Now I know where I have seen you before. I passed you as you were going up, and I was coming down."

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A BURNING QUESTION.

The new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"For instance," said he, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet—Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See — Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said the bright pupil. "But how is one to know that it does not represent Robert Bruwning?"

• • • • •

EQUAL CLAIMS.

"I educated one of my boys to be a doctor and the other a lawyer," said Farmer Ricket.

"You should be very proud of them," responded his visitor. "That seems an excellent arrangement."

"I don't know about that," replied the aged agriculturist; "it looks as though it was a-going to break up the family. I got run into by a motor-car, and one of 'em wants to cure me and the other one wants me to go lame so that he can sue for heavy damages."

NOT INTIMATE.

MISTRESS: "Of course I don't wish to put any obstacles in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible to postpone it until I get another maid."

MARY ANN: "Well, mum, I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to ask 'im to put it off."

ASKING TOO MUCH.

LADY: "Yes, they are very nice gooseberries, but aren't they dirty?"

STREET VENDOR: "Dirty? Think I can wash 'em and part their 'air dahn the centre for tuppence a pound in war-time?"

* * * * *

FATE'S IRONY.

By the sea, in happier years,
Shells I gathered, pink and frail;
Kathie laid them to her ears,
Listening to their murmured tale.

Somewhere (where a censor dwells)
In a land of Huns (or Turks!)
I am listening to the shells—
Kathie makes them at the works!

D. K.

* * * * *

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"I am strongly inclined to think that your husband has appendicitis," said the physician.

"That's just like him," answered Mrs. Style. "He always waits till anything has nearly gone out of fashion before he decides to get it."

* * * * *

ALL IN GOOD ORDER.

Mrs. Dash was bathing her baby when a neighbour's little girl came into the room carrying a doll, and stood watching the operation for some time. The doll was much the worse for hard usage, being minus an arm and a leg. Finally she said to the mother:

"How long have you had your baby?"

The child was told, and, looking from her doll to the baby, she said:

"My, but you have kept it nice!"

* * *

EXTERMINATED.

JONES: "I say, Kimber! You remember you said you had hunted tigers in West Africa? Well, Captain Smith tells me there are none there."

KIMBER: "Quite right, quite right! I killed them all!"

7. An hour later he vents his wrath on the clock——

6. ——and by 4 o'clock he is cursing the unpunctuality of women.

HER BEST POINT.

SHE: "It seems strange that you did not remember my face and yet you remembered my name."

HE (awkwardly): "Well, you know you have an attractive sort of name."

BRANDING HIS BEES.

The Government had been telling a simple old Scotch farmer what he must do in the case of a German invasion on the east coast of Scotland.

"An' hae I really tae dae a' this wi' my beesties if the Germans come?" asked the old fellow at the finish.

The official informed him that such was the law. "All live stock of every description must be branded and driven inland."

"Weel, I'm thinkin' I'll hae an awful job wi' ma bees!"

9. ——Miss Poppy Prattle is still patiently keeping her appointment at the wrong clock.

8. ——and departs quite unconscious of the fact that——

A GRAVE SUBJECT.

Mr. Deal, the undertaker, was never at a loss for an answer when anyone attempted to poke fun at him or his profession. One day a would-be wit, meeting him, remarked:

"Yours must be a gruesome business, Mr. Deal. I suppose you undertakers never look at a man without wishing him dead?"

"You are mistaken," replied the undertaker. "I know some people whom I would be perfectly willing to bury alive!"

* * * * *

NOT GUILTY!

WAITER: "Er—ahem! The amount put down in the bill does not include the waiter, sir!"

DINER: "Well! I didn't eat a waiter."

* * * * *

A PROHIBITED SOURCE.

"I hear that Florence has broken off her engagement with you, old fellow," said Bob.

"Yes," replied Frank.

"Well, I'm certainly sorry. Why did she break it off?"

"Merely because I stole a kiss."

"What!" cried Bob. "She must be crazy to object to her *fiancé* stealing a kiss from her."

"Well," explained Frank, "the trouble was I didn't steal it from her."

* * * * *

COMPULSORY WARFARE.

"He is a coming pugilist, isn't he?"

"Indeed he is, but he doesn't deserve any special credit for being such a fighter."

"Why not?"

"His mother named him Montmorency and kept his hair in ringlets until he was eleven. He had to fight."

SOPHY: "This book is so interesting; it gives the meanings of Christian names—'Albert,' it says, means 'victorious'; 'Francis,' 'free'"—

JOAN: "Yes, and if we had known what 'Wilhelm' really meant he wouldn't have caught us napping!"

CONGENIAL LABOUR.

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are nearly all women?" Mrs. Brown asked her husband.

"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices were aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labour, and they knew that women would be fond of the work in telephone offices."

"What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired.

"Talking," answered Mr. Brown, and the conversation came to an end.

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A MOVING AFFAIR!

"Can a leopard change his spots?" asked a master of his brightest pupil.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Now, that's quite wrong. You know that a leopard cannot change his spots."

"Oh, but he can, sir, really."

"Well, tell me how, then."

"When he's tired of sitting on one spot he can change to another."

• • •

A BAD SIGN.

PRETTY CASHIER: "You might give me a holiday to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade."

MANAGER: "What makes you think so?"

PRETTY CASHIER: "The men are beginning to count their change."

A DRASTIC REMEDY.

Bobbie had been studying his dear old grandfather's face, which was very much wrinkled.

"Well, Bob," said the old gentleman, "do you like my face?"

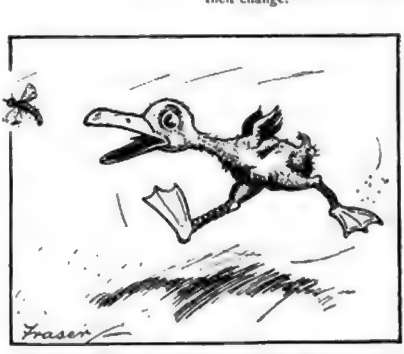
"Yes, grandpa," said Bobbie, "it's an awfully nice face. But why don't you have it ironed?"

• • • •

NOT A CANNIBAL.

Mrs. Jones, who was on a visit to her parents, wrote the following card to her next door neighbour at home:

Dear Mrs. Smith,—Will you do me a favour while I am away? Will you put out a little food on our back step every day or so for the little stray cat I have been feeding this winter? The cat will eat almost anything, but please do not put yourself out.'



DUCKLING: "There's certainly one advantage in a meat diet—the exertion necessary to overtake it creates within one the appetite necessary to consume it."

TEACHER: "Work hard, my boy, there's always more room at the top."
IRATE PUPIL: "What about a pyramid, sir?"

"PAY! PAY! PAY!"

The other day a travelling musician was playing a cornet in the street of a town. The tune was a popular one, and appealed to the sympathy of a passer-by, who with cheerful generosity handed him twopence.

Then he turned away, but the beggar, raising his cap, said: "Beg yer pardon, sir, but you're the first person to employ me this week, and I'm sorry guv'nor, but you'll have to pay my insurance."

* * * * *

BOTH OLD-FASHIONED.

A doctor of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One day a lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy!"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

* * * * *

PLAY FAIR.

BILL: "Well, anyhow, when you're dead you're done for."

'ARRY: "Not likely! We'll all live again, only in another form."

BILL (as he eyes his mate enjoying a feast of carrots from the back of a neighbour's stall): "Well, I reckon I'll be a donkey next time round."

'ARRY: "Oh, no, Bill; you can't be the same thing twice."

INDISPENSABLE MAN!

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" asked a patriotic visitor feelingly.

"A country without a man," responded Audrey, just as feelingly.

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CONTINUOUS CUSTOM.

BRIDE (soon after marriage): "That jeweller who sold you the wedding-ring overcharged you."

GROOM: "The rogue! And I have bought four engagement rings from him!"

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A DILEMMA.

The maiden was in great despair,
Which caused her deepest pain,
She tried to shake her trouble off,
But found it was in vain.

Her sorrow very soon increased
While she was standing there;
She could not bear the strain for long,
And sank into a chair.

No one seemed able to assist
The damsel in her plight,
At last the wretched truth came home—
Her boots were far too tight!

Dorothy Harrison.

* * * * *

UNRELIABLE.

A farmer in a small way walked into the offices of one of our fire insurance companies and intimated that he wished to insure his barn and a couple of stacks.

"What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the superintendent of the office.

The man scratched his head and pondered over the matter for a little while. Eventually he answered:

"Well, it sometimes rains."

For "Soldiers and Sailors Too"

All the contributions on this page were sent in by officers and men serving in H.M. Forces. A pack of ROYAL playing-cards or a silver pencil-case is given for every accepted storyette, joke, bit of verse, or drawing sent in by a sailor or soldier. Please say which gift you prefer, and address envelopes to The O.C., ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

NOT A BRITISHER!

A hospital ship at Lemnos Isle was filled with wounded from the Dardanelles, including men from Imperial battalions as well as Australians and New Zealanders. On arrival at Alexandria the Home men were drafted off first, and an Orderly Sergeant, with a very distinct Lancashire twang, came on deck and announced:

"All Britishers get ready to leave the ship in half-an-hour.

A Maorilander approached the Sergeant for more information.

"You'll remain on the boat till further orders," was the curt reply.

"Why?" asked the other, with a smile. "Am I not a Britisher?"

"Of course not," roared the man of triple stripes. "You're a New Zealander!"

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

The censoring of letters occasionally brings amusement to the officer so engaged.

An officer in the R.F.C. smiled when he censored a postcard with the following inscription on it:

"Dear Bernard,

The only bit of news I have for you is that we have a new Flight Sergeant, and I will describe him to you when I get a green envelope.

Yours affectionately,

BRUCE."

ITS PROPER DESTINATION.

A certain sailor had been given the work of painting over some copper pipes with an expensive silver-like paint. The officer overlooking him at his work told Jack he hoped he was not wasting the paint by putting it on indiscriminately.

"Oh, no, sir," answered Jack promptly; "only putting it on the pipes."

"KEB, SIR?"

The riding-master gave the order to the recruits on horses to advance. All moved forward except one.

"Why don't you move with the others?" yelled the Sergeant.

"Please, Sergeant, this one used to be a cab-horse, and he's waiting for the door to bang," was the unexpected answer.

WASTING AMMUNITION.

He was big, bold, and burly, a shepherd from an Antipodean sheep-station, and he was telling his mates how he had fared.

"I was searching a sniper, and all of a sudden a Turkish battery opened fire on me."

"Get anything from the sniper?" asked a curious listener.

"Not me!" was the reply. "I'm no blooming national hero to sit there and let their guns shell me. Besides, I can't understand how they've got enough ammunition to waste on one man."

It did not occur to him that the Turks may have been trying to shell the trenches fifty yards behind him.

FINISHED!

The natives in Egypt make great use of the word "finish." When you ask them for something they have not got, they reply: "So and so finish." When the tram reaches the terminus, the conductor cries: "Tram finish," and so on.

One day an officer passing a native funeral and not realising what all the wailing and shrieking betokened, asked a native standing by what all the noise was about. The native rested his head on the palm of his hand, shut his eyes, and said: "Man finish!"

Supposing the Forth Bridge was blown up by Germans, what should we do?

Why, build a Fifth!

THE GOLD BEETLE

By Josephine Underwood Munford.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

The voice of Haverley's visitor rose to a high nervous pitch.

"My husband did not kill the girl, Mr. Haverley. The circumstantial evidence is great, but it is all malignant, diabolical coincidence. Besides, there was no motive, absolutely none. Will you help us?"

The detective raised his left eyebrow in a fixed squint almost to the level of his thick yellowish-red hair—beauty was no weakness of Haverley's. He seemed to be trying to see through Mrs. Cuthbertson's dark veil.

"The known facts, please," he said laconically.

Mrs. Cuthbertson raised her veil instinctively in response to his stare, letting the prying sunshine fall full on her face. People usually obeyed Hurton Haverley's silent commands.

"Then you *will* take the case? Thank you!"

A look of gratitude crossed her pale oval face, lightening the violet shadows beneath her dark-blue eyes. She turned slightly from the glare of the sunlight.

"I was away from home the night the—the murder was committed," she went on. "Usually I don't accept invitations without my husband. But a dear friend from out of town was to be at the dinner, and when he said he was absolutely too tired to go, I went alone."

"He did not rest, though?" jerked out Haverley, who had read the newspaper accounts of the case.

"No. He always will do night work during the yearly balance, so he telephoned to Miss Kennedy to come up from the bank to take dictation."

"What time did you return?"

"About a quarter to twelve. The light in the study was out, so I supposed Edmund was in bed. I have a habit of reading myself to sleep, and went into the study to get a book. I switched on the light——"

She stopped short. Her pallor deepened, and her mouth worked painfully. With an effort she controlled herself sufficiently to go on.

"I saw the figure of a girl bowed forward over my husband's desk, wearing his dinner-jacket. I cried out. I went over to her. It was Kiku Kennedy. She was dead—stabbed in the back with Edmund's hunting-knife. Oh, it was clever of the murderer to use that!" she broke off. "He knew it would fix the crime——"

"A hunting-knife?" cut in Haverley crisply. "What kind?"

"It had a long cruel blade and the handle was made of a deer's foot, silver-mounted—Edmund had killed the deer himself. It was a fiendish weapon and only a fiend could have used it! Listen, Mr. Haverley. She was half Japanese; that's where her name, Kiku, was taken from. It has occurred to me that the solution of this mystery lies among her mother's people."

If impressed by this suggestion, the detective made no sign.

"Has your husband any bitter enemies?" he probed, in the tone of a doctor probing for symptoms.

"None that we know of. Only such as any man makes who rises in the world."

"No—woman? No one *jealous* of his kindness to the murdered girl?"

"None. Absolutely," was the answer, given with evident heat. "My husband was not that sort of man."

Haverley seemed to look through her to the wall and back again.

"Were you alone when you discovered the body? No servants about?"

"Of course I was alone! I had come in late—the servants were in bed, my husband too." Her tone was puzzled, anxious, a little defiant.

If the detective had irritated her purposely, he was evidently ready to smooth her down again. With one of his quick changes from brusqueness to the bewildering gentleness with which he had disarmed the reticence of innumerable clients, he said:

"Is there not something further you would like to say—something which might help me?"

Mrs. Cuthbertson studied him a moment in silence, as if still suspicious of his attitude. His kindly, homely smile reassured her. Opening her hand-bag she took from it a small gold purse. She hesitated, then opened this also.

"I said nothing to anybody about this." She dropped a ring into his outstretched hand. "I feared it might implicate my husband still further. It belonged to the Kennedy girl. I found it in the pocket of Edmund's smoking-jacket."

Haverley held the ring on his palm and studied it curiously. A quaint bit of workmanship—probably an heirloom in the Kennedy family—its setting consisted of an enormous gold beetle with fantastically carved wings. He eyed it this way and that with his piercing squint, one eye puckered as with a drawstring. He held a magnifying-glass to the edge of the beetle's wings. He even shook it at his ear. At last he dropped it into his vest-pocket.

"I will come to your house in half-an-hour and see the study," he said with a return to his brusque manner.

As the door closed behind Mrs. Cuthbertson, he folded up into his desk-chair like a jack-knife, and pigeon-holed his ideas as if they were documents.

"To lie in wait jealously for the girl when her husband thought her out of the house; to stab her rival, making evidence point to her husband; to see him condemned to death while she played the distracted wife, striving to extricate him from the toils of circumstance—artistic perfection! I wonder?" The great detective sighed. "Ah, no! There is little art in crime these days," he lamented.

He went into his inner office and entered into a private *séance* with the gold beetle ring. Having finished investigations in that quarter to his evident satisfaction, he started for the Cuthbertsons' house, like a great blood-hound following a scent. He fairly shook himself to his feet, worried his hat down from its remote bachelor lodging on the top knob of a cupboard, and straddled off down the street to the nearest taxicab-stand with something akin to four-footed speed.

Reaching the banker's house, he started to press the door-bell, but stopped short, sniffing. The new olive-green paint around the door facings was dry enough not to stick to his fingers, yet still wet enough to be slightly spongy to the touch. A few inches to the right of the electric button there were three finger-prints and a fourth print, a deep circular incision that might have been made with almost any small sharp instrument curved at the point. Though perfectly aware that innumerable hands must have touched the bell both before and after the murder, Haverley examined the marks with interest before he himself rang the bell.

"Thumb on the button, three fingers on the paint, and a little finger with a villainous decoration of nail—at least half-an-inch beyond the tip, if not longer!" he muttered to himself. "Looks like a Sanyani."

In response to his ring a sandy-haired, worried-looking butler admitted him.

"Mr. Haverley, sir? The mistress expects you. I am to take you straight to the study, sir."

The detective entered the ill-fated room with interest. It was small, but elegantly furnished. The banker's desk stood against the wall on the right. It was of rich mahogany, in appearance far more suited to life and prosperity than to a poor girl's death struggles. In both the wall to the left and the wall facing the door there were windows, for the room was at the corner of the house, the house in turn being at the corner of the street. The back window overlooked a rose-garden. Haverley stared long at the beautiful roses, dim in the oncoming twilight, clambering up a green-painted hexagonal trellis immediately under the study window.

Presently Mrs. Cuthbertson entered.

"I know we should have called you in yesterday, before the coroner removed the—the body," she began in apology. "But it was so preposterous! We couldn't realise they would charge Edmund."

The Japanese stood strangely still. Almost it seemed that he had ceased to breathe. His eyes were fixed on the photograph. In them was a growing horror.

(*Page* 484, *col.* 1.)

"Where is your husband now?" asked Haverley.

Mrs. Cuthbertson's eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled. "They took him to prison," she said bitterly. "The coroner was very convinced by the evidence. He refused to accept bail."

"The coroner's conviction is seldom the conviction of the prisoner!" consoled Haverley. He was pleased with his own joke, and pleased likewise to have a little fling at the pompous coroner with whom he had more than once come to clash. "He's too quick to give tongue not to bark up the wrong tree occasionally." In a more business-like tone he demanded: "Where did you say the girl was seated?"

"In front of this desk."

"With her back towards the garden window?"

"Yes."

"The knife—try to be accurate, please—exactly where had it entered the body?"

"She sat bowed forward on the desk, her shoulders humped over it. The knife, as nearly as I can remember, was just between the shoulder-blades, a little to the left."

"In your opinion, Mrs. Cuthertson, having seen the girl before she was touched or moved by anyone else, could the wound, notwithstanding its position, have been self-inflicted—the result of suicide?"

"Oh, I wish, I would give *anything* if I thought it could! But I am certain it could not."

"How long had the knife been missing?"

"It wasn't missing—that is, if it was we hadn't noticed it. It hung on the wall in the hall as a decoration, with other trophies of my husband's. The day before yesterday I am certain it was there, for I meant to tell Hawkins to take it down and clean it, but I forgot."

The twilight in the room was deepening to night. Suddenly the street lights flashed on. Haverley observed that there was one directly outside the side window of the study. Its light shone into the little room, lighting it, though indistinctly. Recalled to daily matters, Mrs. Cuthbertson was about to switch on the light in the room itself, but Haverley restrained her.

"Leave the room with this light only, please, Mrs. Cuthbertson." He smiled one of his homely, engaging smiles.

He stood with one hand on the back of the desk-chair, his head cocked on one side, his eyes alternately on the side window and the back window overlooking the rose-garden. To the latter he darted suddenly and leant far out.

"What light is that?" he demanded.

"Where? Oh—that is in the kitchen."

Haverley had already craned his neck until he could see the kitchen round an angle of the back wall. The light shone full on the rose-trellis beneath the study window. He leant further until he could touch this with his outstretched fingers. The green-painted border of the trellis had evidently been touched up at the same time as the front door wood-work. Haverley pulled from his pocket a small electric torch, and, flashing it on the edge of this, examined the newly-dried paint minutely. Finally he drew back into the room.

"Oh, do you suppose the murderer could have got in at the window?" cried Mrs. Cuthbertson. "If we could prove that——"

"I don't suppose he got in at all," said Haverley with unintentional dryness. He was on the track of an idea, and as usual, had little patience with interruptions. He stared at the window curtain and then at the floor. He asked Mrs. Cuthbertson to ring for the butler, and the moment her back was turned stooped and picked something up from the floor and put it in his pocket.

When Hawkins entered, he questioned him as to door-bell calls on the day of the murder. The only visitor in whom he showed interest was a Japanese laundryman who had called soliciting work for a new laundry. The man had waited in the hall, he ascertained, until Hawkins made inquiries, and finally returned with a trial bundle of linen.

"Had he a triangular cicatrix on his left cheek?"

"Yes, sir—beggin' your pardon, sir—what is a——"

"A three-cornered scar."

"He had that, sir. And as ugly a face-piece as ever I see."

Haverley took the address of the laundry and departed; hurrying off down the street with his eager, dog-like lope.

Early the next morning he went to the prison, where his personal influence gained him immediate access to the unfortunate Edmund Cuthbertson.

The banker's massive, distinguished-looking, grey head was bowed, his handsome face drawn and haggard.

"You will get this thing straightened out, Haverley? For Heaven's sake do your best—it is not for myself but for my wife I ask it. How dreadful for her to have to bear all this!"

The detective made no promises.

"Tell me all that happened as *you* saw it," he requested briefly.

"Very well; but in strict confidence, even from my wife, you understand."

Haverley nodded.

"The poor girl was very queer that night," continued the banker. "But for the position of the wound I would swear it was suicide, she became so worked up and hysterical. She overrated constantly any little kindness on my part, carried her gratitude to extremes, and, in fact—it sounds caddish to say it, Haverley—but the unfortunate girl fancied herself in love with me; a sort of self-imposed infatuation it was. I never fully realised it until that night. Any man likes a bit of hero-worship, and I had let it go at that. Fools never know what kind of fire they're playing with," he broke off in bitter remorse.

"She broke down that night?"

"Yes. She took the dictation all wrong. At last she burst out crying. I explained as kindly as I could—of course, there's no explaining. She stumbled out of the house, forgetting even her hat and coat——"

"Give a minute account," cut in Haverley, "of your movements after she left."

Cuthbertson passed his hand over his forehead.

"I remember I sat there brooding—hating myself and feeling sorry for the nervous, overwrought creature. I must have overworked her; she was always so willing," he said remorsefully.

"H'm. Brooding, you say?" mused the detective. "But not in a blaze of electric light?"

"I see you know human nature! Now I think of it, I did turn off the light—but it was as hot as blazes anyway, and the half-light from the street was cooler. I even took off my dinner-jacket and sat for a while in my shirt sleeves."

"How about the window?"

"Open, of course, in that heat."

"You heard no one prowling about?"

"No. You mean the girl coming back?"

"I mean did you hear anyone in the back garden near the rose-trellis?"

"Now you mention it, I did hear something drop, hit the ground I thought. I looked out. Hawkins had turned on the light in the kitchen. I suppose he made the noise I heard."

"What time did you go upstairs?"

"Pretty soon after Miss Kennedy left. About ten-thirty I should think."

"Leaving your dinner-jacket on the chair?"

"Yes. That's where the poor girl found it——"

"And sentimentally put it on," finished Haverley. "Who locked up the house?"

A look of chagrin crossed the banker's face.

"That's just it—that's how the murderer got in, whoever he was, if Kiku Kennedy didn't by some miracle stab herself in the back. I had told Hawkins not to sit up, as my wife had a key. I went upstairs, meaning to come down again and lock up, but I was upset and forgot it."

"Then the windows were left open?"

"My wife says they were."

"How about the front door? Was it shut securely after the Japanese girl left in such a hurry?"

"I can't be sure. Sometimes it does not catch unless it is slammed to."

Committing himself not at all Haverley left the prison and took a cab at the nearest stand, directing the driver to the office of the coroner.

In the privacy of the cab he took from his pocket the gold beetle ring which had belonged to the dead girl. He pressed an infinitesimal spring at the side of the insect's body, and the back flew open, exposing a locket-like frame in which there was a tiny photograph. It revealed the unattractive, tight-skinned face of a Japanese, the slanting eyes fixed and fanatic. On the fellow's left cheek there showed, even in the photograph, an ugly triangular scar.

Arrived at the coroner's office, Haverley concealed the ring, entered abruptly, and requested the plump, pompous little man to come with him.

"The cab can wait five minutes," declared the detective, with a take-it-or-leave-it air. Crewe, the coroner, who, knowing Haverley, would not have missed the expedition for worlds, finished his task and hurried into his hat and coat.

The cab-driver was directed to the San Yin Tao Laundry.

At the door of the laundry Haverley asked for the manager and was conducted into the presence of a shrewd-looking, champagne-coloured little man with eyes as black as brambles, and with a triangular scar on his left cheek.

"Good morning, Mr. Tsin," he said in Japanese, to the annoyance of Crewe.

The manager wished him an honourable good-morning, whereupon, taking the gold beetle ring from his pocket, Haverley showed him the picture in the locket and asked if the original was in his employ.

The Oriental gave a quick, sidewise glance at the detective's determined face.

"Me no know this gentleman," he said in English.

Haverley's face broke into the kindly, homely smile which transfigured it.

"I got you out of trouble once, Mr. Tsin,

years ago. I never forget a face. Don't you remember me?'

The Japanese started. A light of recognition burst upon him. He fairly beamed.

"Most astonishful! It is the honourable Mr. Detective Haverley."

With no slightest embarrassment at his previous lie, he gave readily the name and address of the man in the locket, adding that he was not an employee but a fellow "club member."

In a room in the house he had named two Japanese in gaudy kimonos with incongruous European boots on, sat on the floor at morning tea. One was a lad, the other a man of about thirty; the latter had a triangular scar on his left cheek.

"You are Kioto?" asked the detective gravely in Japanese.

"I am Kioto," responded the man in excellent English, rising to his feet.

"I have come to return something you left behind you," said Haverley bluntly. He pulled from his pocket and laid upon a small cane table near the door, Edmund Cuthbertson's hunting knife.

The Japanese did not turn a hair.

"That is very strange," he said with grave politeness. "You mistake. I have not seen this object before." His eyes, however, never left the detective's movements for an instant.

The Japanese lad had retired timidly to a corner. Crewe stood near Haverley, watching and wondering.

"It is you who mistake," said Haverley, his tone measured, his voice full of restraint. "You mistake far more than you know. This I think will set you straight."

He drew from his pocket a two-days-old copy of the *Daily Times*, containing a full account of the Kennedy Murder Case. He held under Kioto's eyes the photograph of Kiku Kennedy, with its underline, "The Murdered Girl."

The Japanese stood strangely still. Almost it seemed that he had ceased to breathe. His eyes were fixed on the photograph. In them there was a growing horror.

Haverley spoke again, and his voice was as heavy as the voice of Fate.

"Kiku Kennedy was murdered wearing the banker's dinner-jacket."

At his words the Japanese whirled, his apathy gone in one terrible white-hot rush of life—life hungry for death. He snatched the hunting-knife from the table before Haverley could divine his intention, plunged it into his breast, and fell dead at the detective's feet.

On the following day Haverley, Crewe, Mrs. Cuthbertson, and Edmund Cuthbertson, who had been liberated, were together in the study at the Cuthbertsons' house.

"Even though he killed himself at the news of her death, might not any lover have done that?" said Mrs. Cuthbertson. She addressed Haverley humbly, however, as an oracle, her eyes resting first gratefully on him and then wonderingly on her beloved Edmund. "I don't quite understand how that proved that he had murdered her himself."

"Then this may help you," said the detective. He pulled from his pocket a single dark green tassel, and held it on the palm of his hand.

"Why, that's from the window-curtain!" cried Mrs. Cuthbertson. "Where did you find it?"

"On the floor yesterday. That was a keen hunting-knife! It cut this as it was hurled through the window from the rose-trellis. And Kioto left the same prints on the trellis that he did beside the door-bell, when he came for laundry—to get the lie of the land—and stole the hunting-knife from the hall."

Presently Cuthbertson spoke. "What first started you on the Jap's trail?"

"The gold beetle ring," answered the detective promptly. "I foolishly"—he looked slantwise at Crewe with a humorous grin—"concocted a wild-goose chase of what *might* have happened—splitting my sum up into possible component parts, you know, Mrs. Cuthbertson. I left my office on the trail of a possible jealous Jap lover, marked with a triangular scar, the badge of an anarchical set of Japanese called the 'Sanyani.' When I rang the door-bell here I found another Sanyani trail—the long-nailed little-finger print. The same print on the rose-trellis and the knowledge that the Sanyani are practised at hurling knives—"

"By Jove! I must have heard the chap climbing up the trellis—or dropping to the ground, rather," cried Cuthbertson.

"By all means—when your butler turned the light on, and frightened him away. I *imagine*,"—another dry look at Crewe—"he was preparing to hurl the knife then."

"But the girl wasn't in the study then," protested the banker. "I was."

"Precisely," said the dry detective, his love for a startling climax shrewedly concealed by his half-closed eyes. "He climbed back again after the study light was off, and by the street light saw a figure in the same smoking-jacket, seated at the same desk. You see, he meant to kill you, Cuthbertson, with your own knife to make it pass for suicide. He killed the poor faithless girl instead!

CAN YOU NAME OUR

MYSTERIOUS PICTURES?

(See next page.)

£100 IN PRIZES.

On the following page appear twelve odd-looking pictures, the last of the set of 42 pictures appearing in the May, June, and July ROYALS. We call them "Photo-Puzzes," because each is a photo that is a puzz-le. See? They represent familiar objects—things you may see or use every day—but the objects are photographed from an unusual point of view. The first prize of £50 will go to the competitor who solves all, or the greatest number, of the pictures correctly.

All you have to do is to write what you consider to be the correct name under each object illustrated.

The prizes in this competition are most attractive, totalling £100, among them a first prize of £50 and a second prize of £20. Reflect what a long and tiresome business it is to earn or save £50, and then consider that, with a few strokes of the pen, it may be yours—so start solving the pictures now!

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

The first 30 pictures appeared in the May and June ROYALS. Solve this set of pictures and then send for the May and June numbers, which may be obtained through any newsagent for 6d. each, or will be sent post free for 1s. 5d. the two from The Publisher, ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

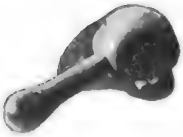
DATE FOR SENDING IN ATTEMPTS:

All solutions must reach this office not later than first post on Tuesday, July 25th, 1916. Please read the conditions very carefully before sending in your attempts.

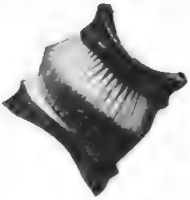
CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be made in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up the three sets of pictures comprising Photo-Puzzes, 1–42, which appeared in THE ROYAL from May to July, 1916, inclusive, cut them out and fill in the entry form which appears on the next page. Then post the complete set of solutions together with the entry form to reach us before Tuesday, July 25th, 1916. All sets of pictures are to be addressed to The Editor of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope marked "Photo-Puzzes" in the top left-hand corner.
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be judged independently, and the pages composing it must be fastened together in the top left-hand corner.
6. The name of the object as stated in a list in the possession of the Editor is the correct solution.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so on this understanding, and the winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. The first prize of £50 will be payable to the competitor who solves all, or the greatest number, of the pictures correctly. A second prize of £20 and five prizes of a £5 Pathéphone (with records) will be awarded to the senders of second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh most correct sets received. Ten consolation prizes of 10s each will be distributed at the Editor's discretion among those who come next. In the event of ties, the Editor reserves the right to divide the prize-money.
9. The Editor's decision is final, and competitors enter on this understanding.

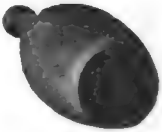
LAST SET OF PHOTO-PUZZLES.



31. .....



32. .....



33. .....

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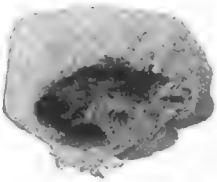
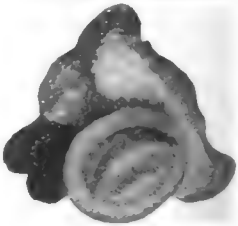


41. .....



42. .....

ENTRY FORM TO BE FILLED UP BY COMPETITORS.

I agree to abide by the conditions of this competition, Nos. 1 to 9, and to accept the Editor's decision published in ***THE ROYAL MAGAZINE*** *as final and conclusive, and I enter only on this understanding.*

SIGNED.....

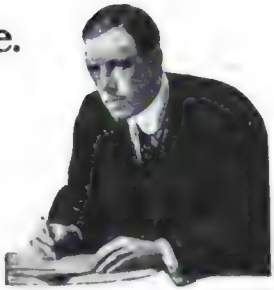
(The signature must be that of the competitor, written in ink.)

ADDRESS.....

.....

A Little Guttersnipe.

By Valentine.



Mr. Valentine.

Mr. Valentine is the well-known lyric writer whose latest success, "On the day on which peace is declared," now being sung by Miss Clarice Mayne, has been justly described in *The Times* as "London's new rage."

It is quite a simple story of an ordinary type,
And the hero of it's only just a little guttersnipe.
There's not very much about it that's particularly new
But he told it me exactly as I'm going to tell it you.
I fancy it is quite a year or more since it took place,
But it's left behind a memory that nothing can efface,
And I know that he'll remember it when years have passed away,
How the Fresh Air Fund once took him to the country for a day.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

"Blimey, Guvnor, I remember it—it was a 'eavenly day,
They took us down to Loughing—in the country—miles away:
The trees they was in 'undreds—my word! they was a sight,
All growin' thick like coppers darn our street on Sunday night!
There was birds—they weren't in cages—they just flew about on wings,
And butterflies and bumblebees—sort o' coloured flies wot stings.

There was little sheeps wiv wooley coats a 'opping round and round
Wot 'ad got no labels stuck on 'em at 1s. 4d. a pound,
But the flowers! swelp me, guvnor! they fairly giv me fits,
The colours—why they beat me muvver's Sunday 'at to bits.
They let me pick 'em—decent o' the owner, I must say,
But p'raps 'e knew I doesn't git an outin' ivery day.

Would I like to go down there again? why guvnor, if I could,
I'd sell pipers for a solid week for nuffing—that I would,
I'd promise not to pick no flowers at all, for I eggspect
If we did it sort o' regular the owner might object,
I'd even walk there all the way—I wouldn't want no train
If I only thought them Fresh Air blokes would take me there again.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

One little shilling does it, and I think you'd be content
To hand it over gladly if you knew just what it meant,
For if you could see the joy that it can make or it has made
Well I reckon you would think yourself a thousand times repaid.
It only means a drink or a cigar to you, perhaps,
But it means a touch of Heaven to these little ragged chaps
Just an hour or two of brightness in their misery and strife,
Just a glimpse of God's own Sunshine in some little East End life.

The above poem is a free gift by the author—not to The Royal Magazine—*but to the F.A.F. It may be recited anywhere (except in theatres and music halls), free of charge, provided that a collection be made on behalf of the F.A.F., the proceeds of which should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 16 and 18, Henrietta Street, W.C.*

It can also be obtained in monotone form with music by T. C. Sternedale Bennett, from Reynolds & Co., Berners Street, London, W.

THE YEAR'S LEGACY

By Christine Jope-Slade.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

I.

Very gently the girl behind the counter replaced the tenth box of ribbons.

"I do not consider I have received adequate attention," snapped the customer. "I shall make a complaint. If a big shop like this cannot produce a two-inch pink ribbon sprinkled with rosebuds——"

"All those watered silk ribbons come from France, madam, and owing to the war——"

"The war is an excuse for every form of slackness and incompetence nowadays. *What* did you say?"

"I said 'damn,'" answered the girl behind the counter tranquilly, and her brown eyes sparkled and glittered with enjoyment. "Dozens and dozens of times you have come in and given us a heap of trouble, and then spoken to us as you wouldn't dare speak to your own maids, and every time I have said 'damn' below my breath. To-day I say it quite loudly, and, oh! you can't guess how much I am enjoying it. Damn."

A shopwalker, khaki-armleted, hastened forward; the lady turned to him, chattering like a monkey; a pretty girl idly examining a basket of ribbon remnants paused to listen. The girls behind the counters held their breath, stifled pride and admiration shining in their eyes.

With a queer little smile on her lips the cause of the trouble listened to the indignant lecture, heard herself dismissed for insolence, and ordered to go immediately. She preserved her sweet, silent tranquillity, even when, having soothed the outraged customer to the very door, the shopwalker returned to make fresh comments on the heinousness of her offence.

"She's a rotten bully," she observed dispassionately, "and if I have lost the firm her custom, as you say, well, I've done a good morning's work for the rest of the staff." And with that she slipped from behind the counter and made her way upstairs, a rare and unexpected rebel whose memory would linger with her fellow-workers for many days.

Her one pal found her, half-an-hour later, packing the last of her belongings in her tin trunk and humming "Tulip Time."

"Belle," she wailed, tearful and depressed, plumping down on the little iron bed—"Belle, what will you do?"

"Enjoy myself!" said the unashamed one enthusiastically. "Oh, Dorothy, it was a great, great moment! Never shall I forget her face!"

"But, Belle, you haven't saved, dear, and they won't give you references."

"We were so late for breakfast, and you were so afraid of being fined, that I didn't get time to tell you this morning. That letter contained news of a legacy."

"Legacy!"

"Yes, the free gift of one blessed year's holiday! I had a rotten childhood and a rotten girlhood. I haven't any jolly memories to look back on—I am going to manufacture happy memories between now and next June to last all my life. An old aunt I have never seen has left me her tiny cottage near Totnes, her garden, her bees, and £160 to live in it *for one year*.

"At the end of the year the cottage and the furniture, which has to go back to her husband's people, is to be sold by auction, and the proceeds divided among them. Pack for me, Dorothy; you do it ever so much better than I do, and I'll read you a copy of the Will. It's perfectly lovely and romantic; the lawyer's letter doesn't matter—it's merely to explain:

I hereby bequeath to my great-niece, Belle Morrison, the following treasures of priceless worth.

It is not in my power to bequeath many of them to her for more than the one year, but the best and finest treasures it is my wish and hope that she may retain always to help her in her life in the great cities."

"Oh, Belle!"

"Listen, Dorothy. These are the things she leaves me:

1. The sanctuary and blessed peace of my little home, so far removed from man's habitation that it is quiet enough in which to remember God.

2. The company of my dear old English Chippendale, my Crown Derby and Worcester china, my copper pots and pans—things that have grown old and valuable in many generations of memories.

3. £160, my entire wealth, that she may not be troubled for the wherewithal to obtain sustenance and warmth.

4. I leave to her that which I am sorriest to part with: the humming of my bees on an August evening, the starlit, scented beauty of the summer's night, the peace and comfort of my red fireside when winter comes, the exquisite glory of a reawakened spring world, the first mild wind, the first snowdrop, the first love song of the mating birds, the first lamb gambolling in the snow-freed meadows; from all these are to be learnt the greater lessons of Life, Happiness, and Health.

I pray that she, my little unknown relative in the great City I have never seen, may learn them all before the year has passed away.

"I'll read you a copy of the Will. It's perfectly lovely and romantic; the lawyer's letter doesn't matter—it's merely to explain."

"Oh, Belle! Won't you be afraid living there by yourself?"

"Afraid! Why should I be afraid? I love being alone, and I have always been herded with other workers. I shall be free from people, free from Zeppelins. Oh, Dorothy, dear, don't! Come and live with me, Dorothy!"

"I daren't! I hate the country! And you are the only girl I've ever taken to in this horrid place!"

They clung together on the little iron bed, sobbing, for loneliness and unhappiness breed strong friendships.

"You'll come and stay with me, Dorothy?"

"Well, young ladies?"

Belle lifted wet eyes to the matron-housekeeper.

"I am leaving, Mrs. Barker," she explained huskily, "and Miss Ellis came to say good-bye to me."

II.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought Mrs. Moran lived here."

"No, she died a few months ago. The cottage is mine now."

Belle Morrison surveyed the young officer with interest. He was the first man she had spoken to for nearly two months; moreover, he was wounded, blue-eyed, tall, bronzed, and of good class and obvious distinction.

"I—I did not know," he said unsteadily. "Mrs. Moran was my old nurse. I had no idea."

Belle Morrison's astute young brain was busy whirling away dusty memories while,

her calm, clear eyes on his tired face, she waited a further explanation.

This must have been great-aunt's nursling; blue eyes, soldierly bearing and obvious distinction were the attributes of the Honourable Chenerton Chalfont, polo player, captain in the Guards, young man about town.

She dusted her memory with relief and a certain amount of amusement.

"I wonder if you could tell me when there is a 'bus back to Torquay? I came by 'bus."

"Not for nearly three hours, I am afraid. I was just going to have tea. You look tired out; won't you share it?"

"It would be awfully good of you," he said gratefully. "To tell you the truth, I'm down and out. I only came out of hospital five days ago. It's splendid of you to take compassion on me. I should have been found drooping over a rustic gate somewhere with my tongue hanging out, but for you."

She laughed and found him a seat that faced the larkspurs and the pinks, and the riot of colour in the wide border. She glanced at him frequently as she prepared the tea, appreciating his broad, khaki back, the set of his curly head, and she dimpled while she had him under inspection, and her eyes twinkled.

It was obvious that he had no idea who she was; well, why not a game of pretence—a summer afternoon's comedy, a little, light-coloured, romantic note in the peace of this strange year, and the gay manufacture of one more memory? The material was at hand, ready to cut to her own fancy.

There were fresh-plucked raspberries on fresh green leaves, a bowl of yellow-crusted cream, home-made scones, and a special sultana loaf from Deller's for tea.

"A feast for a king set by an unknown princess," he said, smiling his grateful thanks. "Have you rented the cottage?"

"For a year"

"And you are living here quite alone?" His voice expressed surprise.

Belle, with no thought of anything but fun, stepped calmly into the *rôle* she had assigned herself, the *rôle* of young society belle sated with London life and seeking peace and quiet.

"Yes, my relatives hold up hands in horror, my friends look askance; but why not? I am so happy here with my books and the birds and the bees and the flowers, waking up every morning to a day that is all my own."

He studied her, recognising one of his own class in revolt. He had seen several freeing themselves in expensive art studios, on suffragette platforms, and since the war on committees and in hospitals, and in the end they always capitulated and married his friends and forgot they wanted lives and careers of their own.

This girl was different; she was so healthy, so softly coloured, so full of laughter and the fun of life. He felt that she loved and revelled in each new moment of existence.

She fascinated him, sitting demurely at the little wicker table in her green linen gown, brown-faced, brown-haired, brown-eyed, her little sunburnt hands moving deftly among the cups and saucers.

"My name is Chenerton Chalfont," he said.

"I know," she nodded, laughing.

"We've met before?" he said eagerly. "No, we can't have! I should have remembered. Oh, do help me! Have I?"

"Perhaps you'll remember when you get home, Mr. Chalfont," she mocked him, smiling.

They sat there talking till the red hills faded grey, till the flowers lost their colour, till the 'bus could be heard winding noisily along the road from Totnes. When they separated it was with the understanding that he was to call for her next morning for a long walk.

She had not meant to do it.

Few women are economical by nature.

Something of Eve lingers in us all, and Eve had the whole Garden of Eden for her exploits; is it to be wondered that we inherit a certain recklessness in expenditure which most of us keep chained tight till we are too old to wish to let it free?

Only an unpleasant man or a really wicked woman can be economical when in love.

Belle Morrison was undeniably pleasant, even charming, and she was in love.

Nature so arranged it that the birds only mate when their plumage is at its best, but woman has to buy her plumage and is liable to fall in love any time.

Belle began to buy "bits of things" out of the £120, which was now all she had in the world, and was to provide her with life's necessities for a year. She called them "bits of things" to salve her conscience, but she bought them with infinite care, with high heart-beatings and no soul-searchings; she was just obeying the age-old law that woman should deck herself radiantly to gladden the eyes of her king.

It added to the piquancy, the charm and delight of their intimacy that she remained "Mistress Belle" to him, devoid of surname, rank, belongings, or possessions; at first he had sought more precise knowledge of her,

only to find himself laughingly, defiantly repulsed, so he had accepted her gladly as part of the summer, the red hills, the little rose-clad cottage nestling in its exquisite garden of flowers, reserving all questions save those asked by the eyes of a man in love.

The Madonna lilies in the garden waned and yellowed; tiger lilies flaunting, orange things, black spotted, took their place; the first chrysanthemums lifted tawny faces to the autumn skies, and still Belle lingered in her haven, and Chenerton Chalfont came every day from Torquay to take her motoring, driving, and walking between the warm red fields, by the sea, in the woods whose topmost branches were already goldening.

She glanced at him frequently as she prepared the tea, appreciating his broad, khaki back, the set of his curly head.

The £120 was only £20 now; the year's legacy of health and freedom was being curtailed in the interests of love, and, being a woman, she grudged no minute of it. Let her suck the sweetness of life and love full and sweet and strong; the cup must be relinquished so soon! She had realised long ago that the tale of Cinderella is the story of womanhood. For all the hour of twelve must strike, and some go from the revels never to return. She was one of those; for her, too, the autumn hour was near, when she would just drop out of this summer idyll, tumble out of Chenerton's life just as she had tumbled into it — and have nothing but memories; let her clothe them beautifully, recklessly, extravagantly if need be. She was paying the price — and great-aunt's £160 had now inexplicably dwindled to £20.

It did not occur to her that she might stay in Chenerton's life.

She was a little London shop-girl, great-niece of his old nurse; and she had not found life-like the novelettes her fellow-workers revelled in. Honourables and shop-girls did not marry unless they wanted trouble all round and all their lives.

When the first dahlia was blackened by the first frost she had only £5 left.

She wrote to her great-aunt's lawyers that she was giving up possession of the cottage—she made her preparations for departure unostentatiously but thoroughly.

There should be no ragged ends that might lead him to her; nothing but golden memories.

Then, when she had just paid her five-shilling milk bill, a piteous letter came from her shop-girl friend, Dorothy, an incoherent, illiterate letter telling of ill-health, family trouble, and a reduced staff, ending:

"*For God's sake help me if you can, Belle! I'm broke.*"

She received it white-lipped, and opened her purse.

Four pounds fifteen shillings!

It represented another fortnight of dreams.

She sent Dorothy a money order for two guineas.

It halved the duration of the dream, though it did not dim it.

III.

She had no thought that parting could be such sweet agony.

The dream she had meant to carry away with her to enrich all her life seemed ashes, and at night she lay awake watching the moonlight play on the yellowing rose leaves, and listening to the wind which had been her great-aunt's bequest to her.

She had cut rations down to the very smallest portion in order that she might live in her poor fool's paradise a little longer. Her excuses for not asking Chenerton back to share a meal with her were masterly and efficient.

Then came the day when she had her railway fare, her motor-'bus fare, and two shillings for luggage.

She had no idea what she should do after the fall of the curtain. Dorothy, though broke, would put her up till she found a place; the broke were good to the broke in her walk in life.

The last day came, and only she knew that it was the last day.

She was up with the lark.

She decked the cottage with sheaves of dewy Michaelmas daisies, with bunches of purple asters, and in her belt she tucked the last summer rose; then she made herself a cup of coffee out of the last dregs of powder and put her last scrap of honey on her last crust of bread.

It had about it the sacredness and tragedy of last rites—then she waited, hungrily, for Chenerton to come.

When the sun was high at midday he had not put in an appearance, and she essayed passionately, to think herself relieved; as she went about the little house, every nerve strained to listen for the click of the gate, she told herself fiercely that it was better so.

When the sun lay low and mellow over the red fields he had not come, and when it sank, flushed and magnificent, he was still absent.

At seven old Wetherbee was coming for her box; at nine she would step into the London express at Newton Abbot—and the curtain would be rung down.

Twilight came, cool and star-spangled after the hot golden day.

Her box lay outside the front door; everything in the little cottage was packed and stacked, rolled in paper and baize, the brasses greased, the windows tightly screwed; the flowers plucked so recklessly that morning lay on the bonfire.

She locked the front door and sat down on her box—and there Chenerton Chalfont found her—and sat down beside her.

"Did you think I was going to let you run away from me?" he said. "Did you think I didn't know?" (and she sat there with pounding heart and racing pulses, listening). "There's only you in all this great big world—and me—and it was meant to be like that from the first. And I knew it when curiosity brought me all the way down from Torquay to see what old nurse's niece looked like." ("Then you knew!" said her eyes, and he answered them.) "Yes, I knew who you were; you see, I helped her draw up the will. The wording was ours."

"I just pretended—it was all such fun, being left the cottage and everything. I thought you'd think I was some society girl down here for a rest cure."

His hands closed over hers.

"Dear," he said, "I bought this cottage, just as it stands, for you and me. By-and-bye I am going to take you to an old cousin of mine in Babbacombe; you shall be married from there. Then we will travel for the next three months, and then I shall have to go out again—and you—will you wait for me here? Belle, Belle, darling—I—Belle—say something!"

The nebulous grey hills enfolded the garden, the sky roofed it in, the stars like silver lamps gave silver light, and she, in his arms, whispered and listened, whispered and listened, and they believed, just as Adam and Eve had done in another garden, that the world had never held a love like theirs, and the scent of the dreaming flowers caressed them, and the stars and the hills in their might left them undeceived.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description

A BRIDGE OF BOATS.

Bridges built of boats are to be met with quite frequently in Eastern countries, one of the finest of these being the bridge at Bagdad, on the River Tigris, in Mesopotamia.

It consists of a number of boats lashed firmly together, across which a roadway of heavy planks is laid.

In olden times public executions used to take place on this bridge of boats. Right in the middle of the river, on the floating roadway, offenders against the law were crucified, while the heads of rebels were displayed on poles at either end of the bridge as a warning to passers-by.

Not only do pedestrians use the bridge of boats at Bagdad, but cattle and sheep are frequently driven across it.

The bridge is 670 feet long, and to permit of the passage of vessels up and down the river the centre boats can be detached and floated away.

Photo R. J. Thurston.

The bridge of boats built over the Tigris at Bagdad, in Mesopotamia. These novel bridges are frequently seen in Eastern countries.

Photo Universal Photo Exchange

This is an example of the motor-pigeon-houses used by the French Army to enable them to transport their bird-scouts to the scene of action.

PIGEON PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The pigeon has become an important factor in modern warfare, and has proved to be of great value as photographer, spy, and messenger.

Fastened under his body in such a manner that it cannot impede flight, the bird can carry a specially designed camera, which has an automatically-working shutter. Dodging shells and aeroplanes, he can penetrate the enemy's lines until their innermost secrets are recorded by his lens. As scouts, these war pigeons have become almost indispensable to practically every army in Europe.

The French have tested their efficiency very thoroughly, with the result that many motor-pigeon-houses have been added to the general army equipment. The birds are trained as ordinary carrier pigeons, and are still used to some extent for the carrying of messages. Both in this capacity and as bird photographers they have been found wonderfully efficient.

The appearance of bathtub and clothes-prop on the lawn was the signal for Rover's flight—

THE TALE OF A TUB.

How Rover Was Invested With The Order Of The Bath

Even dogs who have no antipathy to water as a whole seem to be suspicious of it when they have to be tubbed. They will thoroughly enjoy a swim in the ocean, but there is no fun for them when they are confronted by the contents of an ordinary bathtub.

The mustering of towels, soap, and other necessities is usually the signal for the victim's hasty exit, as was the case with Rover, an affectionate spaniel. No conscientious objector ever showed more reluctance to join the Army than did Rover to face the scene of operations on the lawn. If the bath had contained boiling oil he could hardly have entered it more unwillingly.

Fortunately, Rover was a passive resister and did not churn up the soapsuds into his mistress' eyes, or indulge in undignified pranks of that kind. His resignation was pathetic. He had no ambitions in the way of cleanliness; his whole attitude was one of mute protest.

An inexperienced hand might have melted before the wistful droop of his curly black head, and let him off with a lick and a promise. But Rover's mistress was made of sterner stuff. She knew the symptoms, and there were no half measures about the tubbing. Plenty of soap and water, a vigorous scouring and rinsing, and Rover emerged, wet, but full of relief, on the sunny lawn.

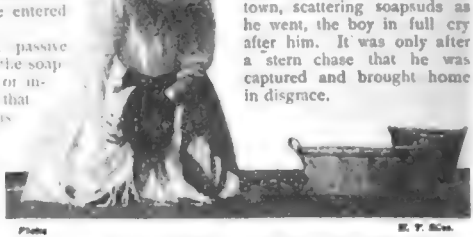
A rub down with a dry towel did much to restore Rover's crushed spirits, and by the time he had dried luxuriously in the sun down to the last hair on his now wagging tail, life was undoubtedly worth living again.

—but he was run to earth and brought reluctantly to the seat of action.

Rover was an unwilling recruit to the cause of cleanliness, and—

So far Rover has never emulated the trick of a certain bright little fox terrier who was undergoing the ordeal of the tub at the hands of the stable-boy. The boy had just reached the lathering stage when it occurred to the dog to make a bid for freedom.

The next moment he was out of the yard and tearing down the main road to the town, scattering soapsuds as he went, the boy in full cry after him. It was only after a stern chase that he was captured and brought home in disgrace.



Photos E. T. Scott.

—his serenity only returned when, released from the tub, he was treated to a rub down with a dry towel.

Photo A. Hemmy.

The boats in this jolly little fleet are made out of corrugated iron, and are the pride of the Capetown boys who cruise about in them.

"A-SAILING WE WILL GO!"

Boats made of bent pieces of corrugated iron may not appear very seaworthy, but some enterprising boys at Capetown find them very good substitutes for ordinary rowing boats.

They even brave the sharks and the dreaded south-easter, and have their own captain, whose word is law.

Photo Underwood & Underwood.

This baby bear has evidently ambitions in the cinema line, and is determined to find out how the instrument works.

CUB AND THE KINEMA.

This cute little bear is the pet of a well-known film operator, who has been engaged in doing an educational series in the North-West States of America. Cubby bear is only about four months old, and full of youthful curiosity.

A VETERAN GUARD.

Gurmuk Singh, the guardian of the sacred book of "Nanuk," the Sikh Bible, is close upon 100 years of age, but still performs his duties at the Lion Temple of the Sikhs, in Hyderabad, where the sacred book is kept.

He has seen active service with the Sikh Army, and after much hard fighting, emigrated to the Nizam's country. On being pensioned, he obtained his present position at the Temple.

Photo E. C. L. Ooty.

This Indian veteran holds the proud position of guardian of the sacred book of "Nanuk," the Sikh Bible, which is guarded day and night.

"A SHILLING, PLEASE!"

Photo Fleischmann & Bassett.

Miss Gladys Cooper, who cajoles shillings from you for the Fresh Air Fund.

Miss Gladys Cooper, the beautiful young actress, who in private life is Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster, has very kindly consented to appeal this year in the ROYAL on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund—the Children's Charity. It exists, as most readers of the ROYAL know, to send City children to the country in the summer time. A shilling pays for a day's holiday for one child. £10 10s. pays for a party of 200, with necessary attendants, and 12s. 6d. sends a child to the country for a fortnight. All working expenses are borne by the promoters, and the whole of the money subscribed directly benefits the children. Please send subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.—Ed. R.M.

I WAS lying in the hammock when I thought of it. It was a stifling day in July, one of those days when you long to live in a cold bath surrounded by relays of lemon squashes with ice clinking in every one. Still, it *was* fairly cool in the garden, and the sea was not far off if I could summon energy for a dip, which, to be quite truthful, I couldn't. I was far better off than most people—compared to those who dwell in mean streets, I was in clover.

And that set me thinking about the kiddies—not my own fortunate little people, at that moment playing contentedly on the beach—but the poor city-bred children whose only refuge from the glaring pavements is the close and often squalid building in which they live.

They can't spend long, frolicsome days on the sands, bare-legged and gloriously damp, to go home at night and be tucked into cool white beds and dream happily of to-morrow. They won't even have a day in the country to refresh them unless you all buckle to and help me.

You don't know what a day in the country means to children used only to bricks and mortar and the narrow playground of the streets. Some of them have never seen a field of clover or picked dog-roses and honeysuckle in the hedges. They have no memories of golden days in the country to help them through the summer in town. And the fields are there, the woods are beckoning—such a glorious playground if only there was someone to enjoy it. Won't you help me to fill it?

Many of these children have never been for a picnic; think what it will mean to them to have a substantial lunch beneath a blue sky, instead of a meagre and unappetising one in a close and crowded tenement. As for games, well, you can't get the full enjoyment out of any game unless you have plenty of space, can you? And a field or wood is a great improvement on a narrow street as a playground.

If everyone who had a holiday gave a shilling as a little thank-offering we should be able to do wonders. And if any of you could extend your generosity to the extent of 12s. 6d., you could feel that at least one poor kiddie was in Paradise for a fortnight.

The Army and Navy are with me heart and soul—they've sent me many, many shillings, and such nice letters. You'll follow their lead, won't you?

Please do!

OXYGEN FOR BEAUTY

New 'Wonder-Cream' and How it Acts.

Miss Beatrice Sinclair, the English Venus, preserves the beauty of her Oriental Ven-Yusa.

VEN-YUSA, the novel Oxygen Face Cream, sets up a standard of skin loveliness without which even beauty of form loses its charm and attractiveness.

Ven-Yusa makes a welcome departure from the ordinary toilet creams. It develops the natural beauty of the skin with the help of the vitalising and beautifying element, Oxygen, which this crème de luxe contains. Ven-Yusa thus gives more than surface beauty by refreshing the real skin underneath. *It does good that anyone can see.*

Though you spend more time out-of-doors or get busy on war work, Ven-Yusa always protects the complexion.

Thus the daily use of Ven-Yusa is not a mere matter of vanity but a necessity to the lady who would preserve her skin's natural softness and flexibility during the trying Summer season.

Begin using Ven-Yusa to-day. You will soon realise that real loveliness does not mean the waxen colourlessness of some hot-house flower, but is typified by the velvety softness of your skin, your peach-like complexion, and rosy-white hands. These are the immediate benefits of Ven-Yusa's invigorating oxygen bath.

Always have a jar of Ven-Yusa on your dressing-table and use it regularly. Then you can always appear fresh and dainty as a rose.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Cream.

SAMPLE JARS Send this Coupon and 3 penny stamps (for packing and postage) to C. E. FULFORD Ltd., Leeds for your dainty sample jar. "R.M." July, 1916.

ROYAL VINOLIA

SOLIDIFIED

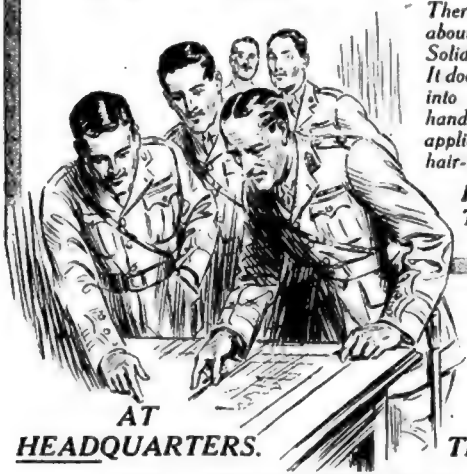
BRILLIANTINE

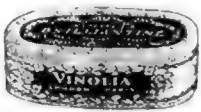
UNRUFFLED Heads at Headquarters are vital to success in the field. And vital to a good appearance is a glossy, well-kept head of hair.

For those who would have their hair always looking its best ROYAL VINOLIA SOLIDIFIED BRILLIANTINE is a necessity. Its solid form and method of packing make it particularly suitable for soldiers and travellers' use. It can be carried in kit-bag, trunk or valise without risk of breakage or leakage.

There is nothing messy about Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine. It does not need to come into contact with the hands, as it is best applied direct with the hair-brush.

In Metal Boxes & Tubes, 1/- each.





AT HEADQUARTERS. *TRUE BRITISH.*

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON AND PARIS.

B.V. 214—28

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

By Donovan Bayley.

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free."

The same tribunal which, when it was dealing with the single men, exempted Robert Porter, munition worker, sent, when it came to deal with the married groups, his friend, John Haven into the Army, on the ground that it was better for his country that his business should be ruined than that an infantryman should be lost.

Haven felt no grudge against it or any of its members. But one thing did gall him. The sore point was that Porter, who had gone into munition work with an irritating assumption of patriotism at the first opportunity he could seize, should be left at home in his comfortable lodgings, while he himself, upon whom a woman and a baby depended for love, protection, and sustenance, should be told to sell his business, or scuttle it, and carry his own body and their happiness into the peril of death.

There is no need in England to-day to describe the actual parting between John and Mary, his wife. Doris, the baby, did not understand anything about it. All she said when he went was:

"Daddy take Dow-wis, too?"

"Not this time," said her father.

A moment later the gate shut behind him, not destined to be opened for him that evening.

Mary went back into the house, cleared the table, and set silently about the numerous duties within the four walls.

Haven, luckier than many, had actually been able to sell his business. The sale was a sacrifice. It was that in every way, for there went with it not only his rights in it at a slaughterous price, but all the ambitions he had put into it, all the sweat of his soul, and all he had hoped to build up for the future for the comfort of the girl he had married and the children they might have.

What the country got was an infantryman who had no love at all for Germans, but only a bitter resolve to get the war over as soon as possible by killing as many of the enemy as he could.

John and Mary, talking it over, had decided that she should stay in the house he had left, and be as careful as she could with the slender separation allowance and the sum for which his life's work had been sold.

Things were not so bad at first. So long as he was in England, so long as she could feel that she could, if it came to it, get to him on her own two feet, he seemed only half to have left her, and, from time to time, he got leave.

But at last there was the final leave before he went to France, and the gate closed behind him for the last time, leaving her to clear the breakfast table and wash up the crocks he had used.

For him it was not so bad as he had thought it would be, excepting for a boy officer who tormented him, but because he was only a boy, and because John was a man grown, who had done a man's work in the world, even that, after the first shock of it, was not so unbearable as it would have been for someone the boy's own age.

For Mary it was different. She was still in the house which had known him, amongst all the things they had chosen together, and the only difference in her days was that he did not come back to her every evening. There was the same routine to be gone through. On Mondays she washed, on Tuesdays she ironed, on Wednesdays she scrubbed the floors, and so on through the week. And on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and especially on Saturdays and Sundays, she grieved and feared, and grew whiter and whiter.

And the rat, Time, gnawed unceasingly at the money in the bank, though she fought him off as well as she could.

With Doris to help her it was just bearable. John wrote the kind of letters to her that a man should write in such a case. They were full of tenderness, of course, but, also, they were vivid and interesting, without a word in them that could make her feel that he was unhappy.

Nevertheless, she had not been married to him for three years for nothing, and she could read, as easily as if he had put it into sentences for her, that anxieties for her, for the little girl, and for the future, were tormenting him. Each letter was something he had made and thought for her which came from his hand into hers.

Then he was posted as missing, and the letters stopped. For all the signs he made thenceforward he might never have been. He seemed to have gone out of the world as utterly as a spent holiday, and to be as much in the past, as unreturning. And Mary walked in a grey hell, made more poignant by her sense of Doris' need of a father.

Still, she did not wear mourning, and she went on being as careful with the little stock of money and the home as though he were certainly coming back. Every Saturday she went into the High Street to do her marketing, buying then what she felt she could not do without in the coming week, and she never let herself use more than she had laid in. She went at night, because then some things, which will not keep over the week-end, could be bought cheaply for Sunday.

One night, walking home with all her parcels, she was met by Robert Porter, who stopped to talk with her.

"I'm so sorry to hear——"

She stopped him.

"Please don't!" she said.

"I won't. But sometimes when I'm making things to kill Germans I've hardly the heart for it. I'm a killing machine, and what right have men to contrive things to kill each other?"

"If I could press a button and kill every man in Germany," she blazed, "I'd run to it."

He was not pleased to hear that, for it seemed to show a more intense regret for her husband than it suited him to hear. Robert Porter had theories about women, and one of them was that a woman only wants enough mental stroking, as a cat does physical, to make her purr to a new master.

Now, he was in love with Mary, and had been for years. He was not at all sure that she was not in love with him. That idea expresses him.

Before she had accepted John he had been on the point of asking her himself to marry him, but he had, he conceived, been a little over-cautious, and she, like a woman, had taken the first firm offer, despairing perhaps of ever receiving his, for, as he admitted to himself, he had thought about it once too often and had missed the prize.

So, when she spoke her hate of the Germans, he was a little uneasy. It was natural enough that she should feel bitter, for they had caused her to be faced with many anxieties.

"Do you mean quite what you say?" he asked gently. "Think what your wish involves. Millions of wives and children husbandless and fatherless."

"And am not I, and is not Doris?"

"Yes, but it's a dreadful wish. We're old friends, and I used to call you Mary once. Is there nothing, nothing at all I can do?"

"Can you give us back what we have lost?"

"No," he said, thinking that at last she seemed to be sure that John was indeed dead. "No, I can't give you back what you've lost; all I can give you is something you may not want—friendship. Whether you want it or not, it is there, real, true, and deep. It's very little. I'd like it to be more; I'd like it to be useful and helpful."

"But why should I not want your friendship now? I've had it, haven't I, since you ran in and out of our house when my people were alive, and you were a boy?"

"You have," he said. "I've always hoped that your marriage didn't end it."

"Why should it have ended it? Marriage and friendship are not comparable. Good-night, Robert. And don't be too sorry for me. I haven't despaired yet."

"But it's not good-night. I want to carry those things for you. May I?"

"Please! They are heavy for me."

"And I've let you stand holding them! I'm not a ladies' man, but I mean well. Wouldn't the tradesmen send the things home for you?"

"Not on Saturday night, and some things are cheaper on Saturday night, you know."

"It's a rotten world," he said. "There's one way in which I could help you, and that's the one way you'd never let me—with money. Seeing who you are, and how John died, I'd share every penny I had with you, with his wife, and then feel I owed him a debt I could never repay."

"But I have money enough for my needs, Robert."

"I'm glad, for your sake, you have. Mary, for Doris' sake, will you promise me that, if ever you are in need, you'll let me be of use?"

"There's no necessity to talk of that."

"What's friendship, if it can't share what it has with the friend who has nothing?"

"But I haven't 'got nothing.'"

But as she said it she was wondering if she could contrive to push further back the time when she would have nothing. If she could not, or even though she could, the day must

["DEAD MEN'S SHOES" continued overleaf.]

96 out of 100 Dyspeptics have

ACID STOMACHS

If you are troubled with acidity and food fermentation you do not get proper nourishment from your food. The acid condition must be corrected if good health is to be maintained.

Neutralise the acid-forming elements in your daily food, prevent food fermentation, and preserve your good digestion and general health by using the one efficient but harmless antacid,

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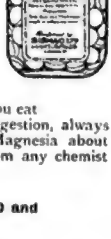
Until recently, physicians have always recommended a diet; but to be effective this must be so limited that the average person finds it impracticable. The pleasantest, most efficient, and most natural way to correct the acid-forming elements in the food, neutralise the acidity, and prevent food-fermentation is to take Bisurated Magnesia, the great food corrective.

All that you need to do is to take half a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of warm or cold water—or two or three Bisurated Magnesia tablets—after each meal and at bedtime. It will correct all fermentation and quickly neutralise the acid-forming tendency of the most indigestible foods. You will be able to enjoy the heartiest meal without fear of the slightest inconvenience. The Bisurated Magnesia will keep the food sweet and wholesome until it has properly digested and assimilated, and ensure your deriving full nourishment from everything you eat



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come when she would have to leave the place where John had said good-bye, sell their furniture, make arrangements for Doris, and herself get work. Then, if John ever came back, he would find nothing he had known. He would not even have a bed of his own upon which he could sleep.

She walked on silently, and Robert beside her, thinking over all she had said, and trying to read into each sentence something that could be called a hidden message from her mind to his. And why not?

John was dead, he reasoned, and the dead have no rights they can enforce. Mary was alive and desirable. If he could make her love him, then he would make her happy. There is scripture for comforting the widow and succouring the fatherless.

"How's Doris?" he asked. "I suppose she doesn't fret?"

"No; that's the awful part of it. I don't think now that she remembers she ever had a father. It nearly breaks my heart sometimes. She'll run away from him to me and cry, if—when he comes home."

"Mary, are you wise to change that 'if' for 'when'?"

"God alone knows," she said. "John and I used to go shopping together before Doris came."

"Poor little woman!"

"Don't pity me! Don't pity me! I can't bear pity. Try to help me to think that it'll all come right."

"You are asking me to do something very cruel. Mary, it's a hard thing to say, but don't keep the sore open. You've your life before you, and life shouldn't be one long grief. You're young, and there may be happiness for you yet."

"If you are right in what you think," she said, "my life is not before me. It is behind me; it is over; it is done with."

"You feel that now. By and bye you will not feel that so strongly. Later yet, you will know that it is not done with. Youth will tell on your side."

"You mean well," she said. "Here's home. I wonder if Doris has been crying for me."

He gave her the parcels he had carried for her.

"May I do this every Saturday evening for you? It would make me very happy if you would let me help you in that little way."

"But to trouble you like that!"

"Trouble? To-night your parcels were too heavy for you, and the way home so long. May I not offer you my strength to carry them, and my companionship on a lonely road? If you let me, I shall be doing it as much for John as for you."

"For John?"

"Why, yes! Supposing he could see you trudging through the dark, laden like this, with no company but despairing thoughts, wouldn't he like to know that one of his friends——?"

"It's a kind thought, Robert. I should be very ungracious to refuse, if you really feel like that."

"Then I may? It's settled?"

"If you will be so kind to me. I do dread the long walk back to the home he's left, and the long, long week, beginning with the ghastly Sundays. I used to have him all day all to myself on Sunday, with Doris to link us closer."

He had nothing to say to that, but he stood looking at her. Then he rested his hand lightly a second on her arm.

"If only I could be of real use!"

As if he could bear no more, he turned away suddenly and left her standing there. She went in, tears in her eyes, feeling grateful to him.

A woman will judge a man very leniently if only he be kind, and an old friend, who knew her in pig-tails.

She found it pleasant to be met by him once a week. It cheered her a little to feel that he was looking after her to that extent, even though it only meant that he bore a tiny part of her physical burdens, and he did all that he could to please her.

It was not until too late that she understood his inner motives. When she did, she was sorry for him.

That came about one summer evening when he was carrying her things for her, and he revealed himself very delicately.

"You've been more peaceful lately," he said.

"More peaceful?"

"Yes. I think Time is doing his work with you at last."

"Do you? One comes to terms with grief, you know, when grief is always with you. And I have to think of Doris. It's essential for her sake that I should try to seem cheerful. She's beginning to talk well enough to ask questions. I don't want her to grow up miserable because her mother's always sad."

"Need her mother always be sad?"

"I try not to be."

"Do you have to try very hard now?"

"No, because I have tried so much that I am learning the way."

"Mary, I think I could teach you if you'd listen to me."

"Neither you, nor anyone. I only seem not sad. Why should you say that?"

"Mary, I say that because I am hoping."

"You are hoping? You are hoping what? I don't understand what you mean. Why should you hope that I shall be callous enough to——"

"It wouldn't be callous of you. It would be sane and kind. I hope it because my own happiness is in it."

"You have either said too much or too little. I would rather talk about something else."

"I have not said too much, and yet I have not said too little. Mary, it's got to come to it; it's got to be said: I love you. I want you. I want you."

"You dare to say that? You dare? What right have you to think me that sort of woman?"

"To think you that sort of woman? Mary, what do you mean? I have asked you to marry me. Is that an insult?"

"I am married."

"No, dear—you are a widow. I'll try to be very good to you, and to Doris, if you'll let me."

She looked at him calmly. After all, she was not a girl to be made palpitant by words of love from a man. He seemed sincere and anxious and deferential.

"You must never talk to me like that again," she said. "If I am a widow—and God knows that seems true enough—even then you must never talk to me so."

"But why not?"

"Do you want a wife who every moment that you were in her sight would regret that you weren't another man?"

"No."

"I should be such a wife."

"Ah, if the wife were you I would pay the price. You don't understand how I love you."

"Perhaps I do. Perhaps you love as deeply as I do. If you love only half as deeply I am bitterly sorry for you, but I cannot help you there."

"I spoke too early."

"It will always be too early. I think we had better say good-bye now. I don't think you'd better come again. I didn't know you had this in your mind."

"It would be the end of me. Won't you accept my word? I've never lied to you. I won't worry you with it again."

"It's foolish of you, but you ask it, and you have helped me. Don't let helping me hurt yourself, Robert. That'd be a poor end to an old acquaintance."

There was still no message from John, and nothing fresh to be got from the War Office. Her money was nearly gone, and she began to fear. What could she do with Doris?

Then temptation, using Doris as a weapon, whispered to her that she ought to take Robert for the child's sake. She loathed herself because the thought came, but it did come.

One Saturday evening a soldier who had lain in hospital many, many weeks without knowing who he was, having lost his identity disc when he was wounded, opened the door of his home with a rusty latch-key, for he had at last remembered, and, remembering, had applied successfully for leave.

They had operated upon him to try to give him back his memory, but it had not seemed to have succeeded. Then, as swiftly as blinds are drawn back in a darkened room, success came to the little knives of the surgeon many days after they had done their cutting, and the man knew who he was, and who they were who wanted him.

The house, when he got into it was empty, but there were things like meat and milk and butter in the larder to show him that his wife was not away. On the mat in the hall was the little slip that is put through the door when the messenger has not been able to get an answer, and so has had to take the telegram back again to the post-office. The slip informed whoever should find it that a telegram lay in the post-office to be called for.

The man was not hungry, so he went into the front room at once, pulled an easy chair to the window, which he opened, and waited for his wife to return. He stayed indoors, for he wanted her to be the first to meet him, and he knew that, if he went out to seek her, friends might detain him. It was, he conceived, her right to greet him before anyone else did.

An hour passed, while he sat happily smoking. He was home at last, and he had been told that it was so long before he would be really strong again that in all probability he would be invalided out of the Army. He had "done his bit," and had suffered greatly in doing it. He would not be sorry to lay aside his weapon, especially if he could be of no more use as a fighting man, and start to make his way again.

Before the second hour was half gone he heard her voice. She was talking to a man whom he knew well, and he was not surprised that she had come back along with the kiddie. If the friend came in it would spoil everything.

They stopped at the gate.

"Good-bye," the man said to her.

"Good-night, and thanks for carrying my parcels."

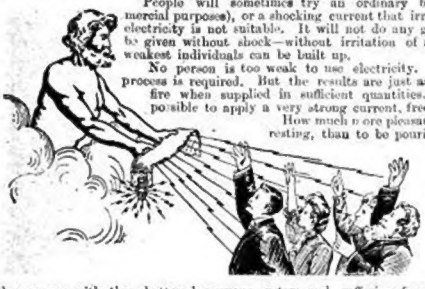
"You thank me every time I do it, and

["DEAD MEN'S SHOES" continued overleaf.]

THE ELECTRIC CURE IS POPULAR

As Pleasant as it is Effective.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while laying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.



People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made, no doubt, for commercial purposes), or a shocking current that irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when supplied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to apply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

How much more pleasant it is to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor weakened stomach until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one like the whisky habit; and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredients of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neuræsthenia, Insomnia, or Neuralgia, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do me any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of this Magazine which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be gained. It describes the most successful remedy known, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it. Write at once to—

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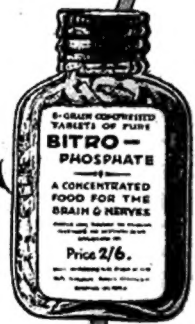

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every time I ask you not to, for something I love."

"What a knot you've tied your words in," she laughed.

"Can I help it? I can't think when you're with me, Mary! I promised not to, but I must ask you again. You know what I mean."

"Nice sort of way to talk to a man's wife," thought the soldier, getting to his feet. "Time I enfiladed that gentleman."

He went into the hall, and strode towards the door.

"Let me go! Let me go! How dare you?" he heard his wife cry.

"But I love you. If you don't kiss me I shall go mad. Mary, you love me—I know that. You know it, too, only you won't let yourself. What's the good of thinking about a dead man any more? I am living, loving, and I want you!"

"So!" said the soldier, "that's what she has had to put up with from a swine who ambushed himself in a shell-nursery, is it? Time I was back."

They turned at his voice, and then Mary, with a little scream, threw herself at him, and hung round his neck.

Robert Porter, his mouth wide open, could not leave the gate. His legs would not have carried him if his mind had had presence enough to ask them, for they were knocking together with deep emotion. He was so cocksure that he would have won her that evening, if only——

John disengaged himself from Mary, and went towards him.

"So, while I've been getting my head mauled about to keep your lily-white skin whole you've been annoying my wife, have you? In fact, you've been trying to get her to throw me up in your favour. What shall I do to you?"

"But I thought you were dead."

"And you wanted to take advantage of it, eh? What *shall* I do to you?"

Mary, watching with her heart hammering in her throat, spoke:

"John, does he matter?"

"Well, no; he doesn't."

"Then leave him, and come with me to fetch Doris. Mrs. Lindley's looking after her. John, you won't feel hurt if she doesn't remember you. She's only a baby."

"No. You see, I didn't remember you."

He told her, as they went together to fetch the child, all that had happened to him to cause his silence. Mary clung to him, pulling at his arm, feeling at his fingers, to make sure that he was indeed flesh and blood.

"Makes a man ready to do something desperate," said Robert Porter, staring blankly after them. "Hang it! I've half a mind to go into the Army."

£100 IN PRIZES

is offered in a fascinating Competition, particulars of which appear on page 283. If you want to win a substantial money prize here is your opportunity.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Please order the ROYAL regularly from your newsagent so that he may avoid stocking copies for chance sales. This saves waste of paper and is true war economy.

HUMBLENESS OF HEART.

War engenders many great thoughts in the most unlikely minds. It makes those think who never thought before. And when the unthinking begin to think they never know where they are going to stop.

I myself have just evolved a thought of incalculable magnitude, entirely owing to the war. The thought, put succinctly, is this: "How useless men are!" What suggested it is the question of indispensable men, lately so much discussed.

Being a man myself, to realise that scarcely any man one meets in a restaurant or on top of a 'bus is actually indispensable to the business in which he earns his living, or the civil life of the country, is a terrible thing. It cuts the ground from under one's feet. It means that all men between 18 and 41 may be taken clean out of the country and occupy themselves with hitting over the head similar migrants from another country without the respective countries of the combatants being seriously disturbed.

"Not at all!" someone may reply. "The countries are far from normal."

Very well. I arise in the morning as I always did, and find breakfast as I always found it. If the milkman is fighting the milk still comes. The trains still run, though there may be women porters, and if I were to be wearisome and trace my daily round at the time of writing to the bitter end, it would scarcely differ from its peace-time state.

And yet all these men are gone!

Of course, someone may reply again that if they did not go there would not be any country to continue without them, the Prussian Guard would be encamped in the Park and so on and so forth. But that seems to me a mere red herring drawn across the track. It does not prove that all the work men used to do can't be done by somebody else so well that the difference is immaterial.

I think men had better be very lowly and meek in future. All they are good for seems to be to fight one another while their ordinary jobs are done gaily in their absence. Men are only indispensable for fighting, it appears. When we have universal peace——.

But perhaps I am getting morbid.

THE F.A.F.

With sincere thanks from Miss Gladys Cooper and myself we acknowledge below subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund. Anyone who has sent nothing so far, and there must be still one or two readers in this category, or else the circulation returns are all wrong, might perhaps turn to page 294 and read Miss Cooper's eloquent plea for city children. I know their case has only to be put before you as she puts it, in order to cause a gentle rain of money to fall on this office.

Here is the list of subscribers up to the time of going to press:

Capt. S. W. Marriott, £2 3s.; Lieut. A. Francis, £2; J. R., 5s.; J. Oswald, 2s.; The Tripod, 15s.; Tyrs E. and B. Mahony, £15; W. M., 3s. 6d.; M. G. Pile, 2s. 6d.; A Soldier, £1; Miss Harrison, 2s.; J. Kirkup, 2s.; N. McMillan, £1; D. Humphrey, 2s. 7d.; F. L. Sidebotham, £1; V. Huntington, 2s. 6d.; Royal Mac. Reader, £1; C. W. Glenn, 12s. 6d.; Pte. F. N. Smith, £3; Anon., 1s.; H. Tosef, £2 5s.; R. E. Sob., 4s.; G. Dobson, £1; Miss D. Woodcock, 2s.; K. Clay, 5s., York, 10s.; Soldiers per Miss Gladys Cooper, £2 6s.; G. M. S., 5s.; H. W. C., £2; B. Jackson, 1s.; Mrs. Ormsby Burge, 12s. 6d.; Patrick Burge, 1s.; Edwin Ross, 5s.

Total (Royal Magazine), £29 0s. 1d.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

I should like to invite everyone's attention to a contribution from Dr. Mary Scharlieb on page 218. It is a subject which I have very much at heart, and I consider myself particularly fortunate in having persuaded Mrs. Scharlieb to write the article.

It is my own opinion, and I may be quite wrong, that children need far more sympathy than they get in nine cases out of ten, and that even in the tenth case a little more would do no harm. I don't think people ever suffer quite so acutely as during childhood. A grown-up person has so much experience out of which to explain trouble and a child has so little.

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